TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

While a friend of mine was making a confidante of me the other evening, there came to me the one streak of envy which I am always willing to admit, the envy of the father confessor who hears the true impulses of the soul, the confession of what the human heart prompts when stirred by passion, fear, and all the subsidiary impulses of love and hate. I wondered if the time would ever come when any of us would find such a companion, such a chum as it were, that to him or to her we could fearlessly confess—no, not confess, tell, for confession implies duty, remorse, guilt—everything we feel or think. Suggested by such a thought, is the idea that we ought to have nothing in our lives that we should be ashamed to speak of. Yet when we pause to think of it, this would be absurd. The lover dare not make public all those billings and cooings which are the charm of courtship, nor without fear of being considered either a materialist or a fanatic could our heart struggles in religious matters be displayed to the cold eyes of those not in sympathy either at the moment, or perhaps ever, with the contest between fleshly and spiritual things. When I ride in a car or sit in an assemblage of people, it interests me to observe the companionship of those who come and go together. Many of the lives are no doubt linked closely together. Many of those who bend in tenderness towards each other think there is no secret between them, yet the deepest heart struggles, the most profound wonderings, the highest aspirations, seem either too sacred or too silly for the dearest confidantes to speak of. True companionship is that affinity which makes it unnecessary for people to explain. When we can understand that the sigh we hear is not always an expression of regret uttered by those we care for that we, rather than others, are present; when we can appreciate that over the depth or shallows of our thoughtfulness there comes many a ripple undefinable, perchance regretful or wistful; when we know that no life can be complete, no soul satisfied, perhaps we shall be able to learn that as we are never satisfied we can never quite satisfy others.

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It would be an oddly commonplace life that could make every detail of itself manifest. It is a conundrum to me whether the life which comes nearest the commonplace and can, therefore, have fewest concealments, is better ordered than that richer life which knows more because it has experienced more. Certainly the more we know the less full must be our confidences of the things nearest to the heart. The countryman in the field has little to conceal, except his vagrant thoughts, from his wife who, in the kitchen, has found nothing of which she dare not speak to him save, perchance, the echo of discontent that she has to toil so long and see so little. To those who toil little and see much, to those whose life is separated by such a great gulf of experience from the life of the one to whom they should speak of what they know and have seen, comes the ceaseless question, the question unanswered until time fades into eternity, what is my duty in this matter? Is partial concealment or categorical candor my better method? To those who speak to the public, to those whose lives seem to belong partially at least, to the public, comes the same question; and no matter how we may argue or toward what conclusion our theories may tend, our practice seems to be almost invariably in the direction of telling nothing but what we are expected to tell, towards the seeming to be that which we are expected to be. It is thus that our inward struggles, our impulses, even many of our best sacrifices and purest manifestations of our individuality are buried with us, instead of having been exhibited to those who are undergoing the same silent controversy with themselves and are perpetually unable to decide because no other life seems to furnish them a precedent.

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If we were to speak our inmost thoughts I have no doubt they would be disturbing to those who heard them, for when we are most engaged with problems which pass our understanding, those to whom we speak are thinking of something else and are prone to imagine that we are growing finnicky, or have taken up with some fad out of a book. It is very difficult to decide between affectation, which is nothing but a device of the shallow to seem what they are not, and the ambition to be what we are not but should be. But how lovely it would be to find in any one such faith in us, such purity within himself or herself, that they could hear our heart hopes without misunderstanding them, and tell us of their own longings without fear of being misunderstood. Such friendship, such affection, such truth, would be the ideal confidence between man and man, between woman and woman, between man and woman. Yet I presume it never existed and never will, and any attempt to establish such a relation would, I am convinced, seeing as we do through a glass darkly, cause estrangement rather than confidence. Either we have so little in our lives that we are ashamed to confess the littleness of it, or so much that it would be esteemed a sin if to any one person we told it all, that we are driven into concealment; and when we try to guess with regard to others, we are at a loss for data to guide us, or we become reckless and make comparisons between those we don't know and those we think we know; a dangerous method of arriving at the truth. I do not think we judge others so much by ourselves as by those we think we know. I imagine that it is the habit of the average man and woman to esteem himself or herself a peculiarly isolated individual, one who suffers more deeply, more severely and more frequently than anybody else. We hear people say that no one ever had such a headache as they have, no other human being ever experienced such a heartache as that which is wringing their frame. We listen to this sort of thing with contempt, because we are firmly convinced that we have suffered something that has been vastly more agonizing. Yet I imagine that we are not going beyond what is proper when we measure people by what we know, when we apply our known standards in an effort to acquire knowledge of the size and meaning of other people's impulses. If we don't do this, we have no gauge by which to furnish ourselves with material for contrasts.

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I have had a number of intimations, writtten and otherwise, as to what I have said of people, and my estimate of character has seemed usually to have been just. In the matter of Hon. Edward Blake, for instance, without any exception, if I may exclude a publicist who has deemed it his duty to exalt the author of the manifesto to the Reform Convention of West Durham as a patriot, a statesman, and a philosopher, one has to think whether what one has written was inspired by personal animus or what seemed to be the facts. It is not pleasant, if a writer possesses any conscientious scruples, to have it suggested that ignorance, malevolence or personal malice inspired an article in criticism, particularly when the article seemed in every line of it to bear but one construction. We cannot understand people at all if their whole career is to be separated from a judgment of their utterances. When the life of a man endowed with extraordinary brains, has for nearly a quarter of a century been ineffectual and meaningless, it seems to me not improper that a beclouded utterance, something which, if it is intended for anything is meant to give direction to public thought, fails to fulfill its purpose, that the intrinsic weakness which has ruined the life may be ascribed as the reason for the failure of a manifesto. It is easy for one who loves not a writer to ascribe cowardice or impute base motives. It is just as easy for a writer to unreasonably ascribe the noblest motives to the same utterance. The public, then, are left to decide as to whether one whose feebleness of purpose had made him the shuttlecock of his party, has all at once emancipated himself and proven it by an essay so indefinite that one can prove by it that the political world is either round, flat, or in chaos. It is easy for us to say that this man or that, has been controlled by egotism and an inordinate ambition for public place, nor is it more difficult for friendly voices to ascribe the many years of service to patriotism, to an intense desire to serve the country. How are we to judge if not by the minor causes, which either prove or disprove that the man in question has lent himself to the disreputable things of politics in an effort to grasp the sceptre which shall make him great or at least conspicuous. It seems to me that Mr. Blake's career can be accounted for by his personal ambition. He partially forsook a great law practice for what he intended to be a great political practice. The one was paid for in cash, the other he hoped to be paid for in honor, in places, in those things which feed a man's love for himself. As he himself said in a speech to me memorable, "Some men's lust is wealth, some men's lust is place and power. The lust of Sir John Macdonald is not money, but office." If I use his own measurement I am assigning to him motives which he imputed to others, not once but frequently, not gently but in the most vigorous English at his command. It cannot be assumed that the man who has been a political failure is a greater patriot than the one who has been a political success, unless it can be proven that the people are fools and that through two generations their folly has been persisted in. His weakness, his indecision, his pettiness, his tendency to argue himself out of court, his likelihood to disapprove not only of his opponents but of his own party and of himself, prove him to be vacillating, and like women in our hours of ease, "uncertain, coy, and hard to please."

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It is contended that his letter should be considered an abstract thing, a philanthropic essay. It is difficult to imagine Edward Blake as a leader; it is more difficult to give him a place in which he does not aspire to lead. His defenders say that he pointed out the shallows and left it to the captains of the different ships to avoid them, while he himself swims to shore. It is difficult to conceive of Edward Blake in such a *role*. He has been captain or nothing, ever since he enlisted. If he worked long and late in his parliamentary duties, it was because he despised his following and thought them unfit to assist him. He tried to do it all. It is a pretty thought of the one who asserts that this was caused by self-sacrifice and patriotism. A much more likely reason is found in the egotism which suggested that he had not in his following anyone able to assist him. Edward Blake may have been consumed by patriotism, his dreams may have been of his native land, and his ambition a raging and unsatisfied fire consuming him always with the hope that he could do something to add to the greatness of his Canada. Unfortunately his life has not shown it. His political career has been marked by events which contradict it. And so, though it has been alleged as an unjustifiable attitude, we are left "to peer down suspiciously at his motives."

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That was indeed a frightful massacre of Italians in New Orleans. The story that comes to us by telegraph is horrible and repellent, and we can conceive of no proper-minded person who would lead a mob in the shooting down of defenceless persons because the idea had gone abroad that justice in criminal matters had been interfered with. I have more than once defended Lynch law, not because that I am wider in my beliefs or better informed than the average person, but because I have lived in localities where such law has been found absolutely necessary. It seems indefensible in a city like New Orleans, yet if we were there I have no doubt that ninety-five per cent. of the readers of this page would have abetted the conduct of the mob. The newspapers, the people from whom the newspapers obtain their opinion, seem to have been unanimous. These Reformers say that in Canada it is the apathy of public opinion, the corruption of public morals which permits Sir John to retain power. Viewing the terrible slaughter of a dozen Italians from an *ex parte* standpoint, we can see that it is liberty grown into licentiousness which in the first place made it possible for the Mafia to commit their depredations, and secondly for the citizens to revenge them. In the first place, we have to remember that we are not citizens of New Orleans; and again, we must consider the fact that the citizens of New Orleans are neither fools nor cut-throats and that a terrible crisis is sure to produce violence and bloodshed. All these things fair-minded people, in estimating the crime of the avengers, will take into consideration. Law and order had been attacked by the murder of the chief of police. It seemed to the people of that city that to re-establish the supremacy of justice, blood had to be shed. I am not one of those who think it a terrible thing to shed human blood. There has never been a time in human history when the individual or the few was not esteemed a cheap sacrifice for the many.

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I have particular reasons for sympathizing with the Italians in the insult they have received, and yet I cannot hide from myself the fact that the Sicilian vendetta cannot be transplanted to this continent. We may view with a certain amount of leniency the use of the poniard amongst those who come to the new world for a home, but the stiletto cannot become a factor in the administration of justice. We have a small Italian colony in Toronto, an orderly one, and as Mr. Michael Basso in a letter to the press has so truthfully said, small stabbing affrays in it are exaggerated, and the stiletto is referred to as if our neighbors from Italy were in the habit of carrying a dirk and using it indiscriminately. This suggestion of Italian lawlessness in Toronto is a base slander, yet when trying to be just we should remember all these things, and in doing so we must also recollect that this colony in our midst has never asserted itself, that no society composed of its members has waged war on our executive. New Orleans, I am convinced, did not go to the frightful excesses so lately committed without what it considered just provocation. New Orleans may be wrong. From our standpoint it must be wrong, yet local self-government is the key-stone of democracy. It is what we pride ourselves upon, and if a jury consisting of a city proclaims the killing of a dozen men necessary to its safety, if those who had watched the progress of the trial, if the press and the people were a unit, we must accept their verdict or trial by jury in its just and widest sense, must be declared ineffectual.

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New Orleans is so far away and the circumstances are so indefinitely presented to us, that we cannot fairly judge of an occurrence which in the abstract is inexpressibly horrible and bloody; but I venture to say that there is no race which comes to our shores against whom there is such an unjustifiable prejudice as against the Italians. The majority of our Italian emigrants are from Sicily and southern Italy. They are swarthy and poor. Before they learn the language and customs of the country they work cheaply and excite the ire of other nationalities who endeavor to obtain the highest wages. They are subjected to innumerable frauds to which English-speaking people would not be liable. Occasionally, in fights amongst themselves or with those who endeavor to oppress them, the knife is used, but criminal statistics do not show that the Italian is a lawless or improvident citizen. I have been told by many men who have had dealings with this people, that they pay their debts better than any other class of emigrants, that they are provident and kindly in their care for one another, and assimilate with the general population more rapidly than almost any other class. They import few prejudices, they yield readily to the customs of the country, and after one generation there is but little to separate them from the majority of the people except the peculiarity of their names. They are southern people, have southern habits, a fiery temperament, and we must make allowances for such occasional excesses as they commit. But we cannot forget that when any foreign nationality is massed in large numbers in a city, when they import the societies and revengeful spirit of the old land, that a conflict with other nationalities is inevitable. That conflict occurred in New Orleans. With a different race a similar conflict occurred in Chicago, with the same result in both instances, that bloody sacrifices were made for what was esteemed to be the public good. They were made "legitimately" in one instance, and by Lynch law in the other. Now, let us ask if that apathy which is so much deplored by Mr. Edward Blake, by the Reform party, by those who wonder why we, who have so much at stake, should make such trifling efforts, is a worse evil than the sensitiveness of the public opinion in Chicago and New Orleans, where the individual demanded the fulfillment of the law even to the point of personally putting alleged criminals to death.

IN DREAMLAND.

The city's share of the Esplanade agreement with the railways has at last been completed, and, it is to be presumed, will be accepted. The presumption in favor of its acceptance is that it is exactly what the railways demand. Newspapers are not lacking in their gibes that after three years' contention, in which the Citizens' Committee had a large share, something very little better than the original proposal is being finally accepted. True, the difference is not very great but it is, fortunately, greater than the superficial observer might imagine. Much has been done and prevented, and much more would have been done and a thousandfold more would have been prevented had the newspapers instead of allying themselves with the railways, fought for the good of the city. Advertising and passes—though passes are but a trifle to a newspaper and have much less influence than might be imagined—have their weight, yet the friendship of railway men does much and is sought after. The newspaper that desires to circulate itself, relies on the courtesy of railways more or less. Then the railway men, with their winning ways and their ability to make it pleasant for people, gain the ear of writers when a city with no proper mouthpiece and no one who really understands its necessities, stands voiceless and uninfluential in the background. The Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific Railways in Toronto are both well represented. Their influence can be felt, no matter where one turns. The votes they control are no unimportant factor in an election. Notwithstanding this the Citizens' Committee has made a very important diversion of the C. P. R.'s original scheme—one which will leave all Esplanade land between Yonge and Lorne streets unoccupied, and this is a space in which the public impulse can create as much competitive business as will always keep the lake traffic on a sound basis. The people have fought the fight, but very ineffectually. They have permitted interested parties to destroy those who devoted their time and money to their service. The aldermen have been faithless, not because they have been bribed or corrupted, but on the principle that it is useless to serve anybody who is so thankless as the elector. If after the amount of discussion which has taken place the people are satisfied with the agreement, let it go into effect, and let the matter be closed up. Damage is being done by delay, yet the readers of newspapers must lack in mental equipment if they are influenced by the idea that prosperity can obtain in Toronto by the expenditure of a few thousand dollars on the Esplanade. The Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk Railways cannot make this city prosperous. They cannot rob it of its prosperity, and the building of a few switches, or a union depot, will not ward off the evil day nor bring us wealth; yet if the public spirit is not sufficient to guarantee a proper solution of the problem, let us solve it as has been proposed, and end the dispute. It cannot but make those who have considered the whole question, regretful that railways have obtained so great an influence both in our city and in our Dominion that it is useless to fight against them. Lawlessness finds its birth in just such a condition, and its result in the near future will be a sweeping away of all such privileges. The present experience may be disastrous to us, but it appears as if the further the matter is pressed the more disastrous the result will be to us in a finally unjust solution of the problem and an always increasing load of temporary inconvenience and loss.

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In connection with this matter, and indeed in connection with all matters which we are considering in a civic sense, the conduct of our city solicitor's department should not be overlooked. We have the most effeminate service that a population of men larger than that of a village ever had to endure. Mayor Clarke began his campaign in search of influence which did not belong to him, by creating a city solicitor's department composed of the odds and ends of our official society, which he imagined would be useful in the furtherance of his ambitions. He displaced McWilliams, a man whose bump of firmness, in fact whose pig-headedness, was phenomenal. He had a little five-by-nine shop, did almost the whole work himself, had no proper assistance, did not want any, loved his friends, hated his enemies, and ran the department as if it were entrusted to him to keep. The evils of his *regime* were small compared with those of the inflated establishment which succeeded him. Mayor Clarke was elected, not because he was a great man, but because he was a Conservative, and this city is Conservative. Uncertain of his tenure because uncertain of his ability, he proceeded to organize a force which would enable him to succeed himself. He turned out McWilliams—not an improper act if he had supplanted him by a better city solicitor—but as events have decidedly proved he put in his place a feeble imitation of a man and a lawyer. The city solicitor's department is now a nicely equipped Grit machine. Mowat's son-in-law, Mowat's son and such obscure hirelings of the Grit party as could find a resting place nowhere else, now abide in our city solicitor's department—a department which, it must be remembered, was organized by Mr. Clarke, who was supposed to be a Conservative, but who in his effort to establish himself has wasted his opportunities as a public man while prostituting himself as a party man, by giving everything within his reach to conciliate his enemies. If he had succeeded in establishing a service capable of defending Toronto's interests, everyone would have been glad to have praised him for his non-partisanship, but as he has succeeded in organizing a gang of incompetents to strengthen himself, it ceases to be a virtue to refrain from publishing him with the prostitution of himself both as an official and as a Conservative for his own ends. It is pleasant to know that he has killed himself and that he has failed to kill his party, but it is an exceedingly unpleasant thing to be forced to say that he has killed the efforts of the city for a proper settlement of every problem which has been submitted to him and his advisers.

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In the matter of the city health officer question, for instance, his party desired the appointment of Dr. Pyne. Mayor Clarke could have made the appointment for he had the "pull." Dr. Pyne was a good man—the best man whose name was presented, but the Mayor was afraid of himself and endeavored to unload the responsibility of defeating Dr. Pyne, on a committee of medical men. While professing friendship the Mayor was thus able to officially assassinate the brother of his chief supporter. Letters which have appeared in the papers within the past few days, proved that in recommending Dr. Allen the Mayor exceeded the truth in his statements in order to defeat Dr. Covernton. Both Pyne and Covernton were ahead of Allen in their examination, for which the city paid so much, yet we find our Mayor, half-ashamed of his one-horse advocacy of Pyne, making wholesale misrepresentations in order to effect the appointment of the man who stood lowest in the list. He would not do this for his friends, but he would do it for anyone who would make E. F. Clarke a pennyworth stronger in his attitude as public pensioner.

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If Toronto is not utterly sick of both the man and his methods, the citizens have an endurance which will result in disaster. There is an old saying that if a man kicks a dog, in the first place it is the man's fault, but if the dog hangs around and is kicked again it is the dog's fault, and I imagine the dog is not going around to be kicked another time. The Mayor has been the friend of the corporations in all the contests for the settlement of the Esplanade difficulty. He is Mayor this time because nobody who deserved election opposed him. He will never be Mayor again or occupy any important position, because people are thoroughly aware of his unworthiness and will permit him to reorganize his printing office on such a basis that his landlord will know who pays the rent.

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While on civic matters it is worth while asking what natural born ass has been in charge of our water works department? Every spring we are in the habit of being fed upon fragments of fish and gallons of stinking water. Doctors have advised the people to boil the mixture, and their advice, I presume, has been largely followed; yet when it is boiled it is the nastiest stuff this side of soft soap that was ever forced down a human gullet. Edward Hanlan says, and I believe he is right, that the intake pipe is located on a sand bar, where dead fish and everything that is beastly in the lake is washed into the mouth of the pipe. The location of the pipe at that point is another evidence that there is nobody trying to think out what is best for the city, that there is nobody who cares a continental cuss what happens so long as the salary list is not suspended.

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If ever a city needed reorganization it is Toronto. Alternately we have elected parasites and swells, Mayor Manning being the one exception, and his personal littleness was so marked that his re-election was an impossibility. Toronto should try and do something towards making it possible for a man to preserve his self-respect and the standing of the city, while acting as its chief magistrate. Amongst the aldermen, thanks be to God, there is an independent feeling this year, and the Mayor is unable to bulldoze them. Questions are being settled which have long agitated the public, and though the settlements are not much preferable to former proposals, it is refreshing to see our affairs taking some sort of shape. That they might have taken a different and better shape goes without saying, but the railroads and other corporations have been able to outlast us, and the aldermen of '91 are not particularly to blame. DON.

Social and Personal.

Brooklyn has immortalized herself—Brooklyn the City of Churches. She has defied artificial customs and gone back to the old-fashioned way of visiting, for I read: "Brooklyn has readopted the old-fashioned luncheon. An account of one of these that was celebrated last week runs thus. You are to come at twelve, bring your work and stay until five. At noon sharply the twenty women bidden duly appeared, all but two, with their sewing. Bonnets were doffed and a real visit entered upon. The luncheon was a delicious one, and was served without a too arbitrarily following of the course style—an agreeable medium, indeed, between no courses and "all plates," as the countryman explained his first French restaurant dinner. When the guests returned to the parlor, instead of the brief standing round before leave taking which characterizes the modern fashionable luncheon, chairs were coolly drawn into groups, needles and thimbles came out, and though, as one who was there confessed, no serious amount of work was accomplished, the pleasure and sociability of the afternoon was pronounced."

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Mrs. Edward Jones of Church street welcomed a large number of friends to afternoon tea on Saturday of last week. Among those present were: Mrs. Bankes, Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Blackstock, the Misses Seymour, Miss Small, Miss Helen McCall, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Miss Otter, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Hamilton, Miss Parsons, Mrs. Stephen Heward, Mr. Stephen Heward, Mr. Gordon Heward, the Misses Yarker, Miss Parsons, Mr. Parsons and Mr. Morrison.

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Miss Sibbald of Detroit is the guest of Mrs. Gordon Jones on Church street.

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The Bishop of Saskatchewan was the guest of Rev. W. Hoyes and Mrs. Clarke at St. Barnabas Rectory on Sunday, March 8.

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Miss Cassels of Washington avenue gave afternoon tea to a number of friends on Friday last.

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Mrs. Henry Cawthra gave a ladies' luncheon on Wednesday of last week.

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Miss Wilson, who has been the guest of Mrs. H. Munro Grier for some time, returned to her home in Kingston on Wednesday.

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Miss Clark of New York, who has been spending the past three months with Mrs. Botsford of St. George street, returned home last Friday.

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La semaine derniere les Hiboux se sont reunis chez Mile. Ellis, 583 rue Sherbourne, et la semaine precedente la reunions avait lieu chez M. Catto, rue Breadalbane.

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Les deux soirees ont ete des plus reussies, des jeux francais, en francais, ont ete organises, et des rondes francais ont ete chantes. Il est inutile de dire que tout a admirablement marche. La prochaine soiree, qui a lieu ce soir chez Madame Beard, 317 rue Jarvis, promet d'etre pleine de surprises et d'attractions.

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The Canadian Shorthand Society had its first annual dinner at Harry Webb's on Monday evening and a very enjoyable time was spent. Speeches appropriate to all festive occasions as well as to a re-union of stenographers were delivered with songs, piano solos and recitations interspersed. A pleasing feature of the evening was the presence of quite as many ladies as gentlemen.

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On Thursday evening of last week the Young Peoples' Association of the Church of the Redeemer gave their annual concert, which, notwithstanding the stormy weather, was well attended. A very good programme was presented, the following ladies and gentlemen contributing to it: Miss May Frances, Miss Lizzie Massie, Miss Katie Ryan, Miss F. M. Glover, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Cameron, Miss Hatch, Mr. F. T. Chambers, Mr. Smedley, Mr. Steward and Mr. Kidner. Deacon Tubbs' New Organ, by Miss Francis, was well given, while the masterly manner in which Miss Massie handled her 'cello quite captivated the audience. Mr. and Mrs. Cameron in their duet made a very happy choice and were enthusiastically received, while Mr. Cameron's song, Good Company, was very suitable to the occasion. Miss Ryan and Miss Glover also added not a little to the enjoyment of the evening. The president, Mr. Monkhouse, occupied the chair in a highly acceptable manner. The Young People are to be congratulated on the success of their concert.

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The committee of the Royal Grenadiers' assemblies has issued invitations for their third assembly, to be held in Webb's parlors on April 9.

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On Thursday of last week the annual meeting of the Ontario Depository of Ladies' Work took place in the Y. M. C. A. parlors. Prof. Goldwin Smith presided, and there was a fair attendance of members and those interested. In the report an appeal was made for help from the citizens to carry on, enlarge and improve the institution. It is a fact that splendid work can be obtained there, and, too, a sad fact that there are more workers than buyers. The daintiest and most artistic needlework can be found there, and the most homely mending is done with the nicest skill.

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A Hockey Match played between the Ottawas and Torontos, drew a fashionable gathering to Mutual street Rink on Saturday afternoon of last week. As it happened the congratulations were given the Ottawas, and the sympathy to the Toronto boys.

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Dr. Ryerson, who has been confined to the house with malarial fever since his return from Jamaica some weeks ago, has now recovered sufficiently to enable him to resume his practice.

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Mr. H. K. Cockin delivered an interesting lecture, under the auspices of St. Stephen's church Young People's Association, in the school-house, Bellevue avenue, on Thursday evening. The subject was Englishmen in Canada.

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Vera, the clever writer of the *Lady Pictoral*, writes thus of Lenten fads: A lady was over heard to say last year that she always made a point of going to the dreariest services she could find by way of salutary self-denial during Lent. But it is not in this way, as a rule, that fashionable church goers mortify themselves. They are careful to select the most sensational preachers they can discover, and they derive a kind of mild excitement from rhetorical inventories of their omissions and commissions. Probably they are not quite clear whether it is the preacher or the matter which impresses them most, but they are very well satisfied with the performance of their Lenten duties, and feel that they have done the proper thing in a manner tolerably agreeable to themselves. Does it never occur to some of these that a little practical evidence of self-denial would go a long way towards solving a great problem of the day? Fashionable Lenten mortification is, as a rule, rather a costly affair. Becoming half-mourning is not cheap, neither are the oyster and the dainty *plats maigres* that furnish forth our Friday dinner tables. Yet it would be possible to do without a great many little luxuries and so cut down a great many useless expenses during the coming six weeks, and still leave a very fair margin of comfort; while the money thus saved might give unspeakable relief to many whose whole lives are spent in self-denial and fasting by the law of grim necessity. By all means let there be gigantic lists published at Easter of those whose penitential season has resulted in good subscriptions to a relief fund or a deserving charity of some kind, if by this means some can be induced to give, and help the crying poverty of the land. It is sheer farce only to mortify the flesh and purify the spirit in becomingly subdued gowns and with the kindly fruits of the earth. All this has no practical result, and the poor meantime starve. Bear this in mind, you fashionable preacher-hunters and oyster-eating ascetics, and try if a little real self-denial for the good of the starving is not a thousandfold more satisfactory than playing at Lenten observance with silks and satins and all good things.

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On Friday of last week a charming wedding took place at the residence of Mr. S. J. Sharp of Brunswick avenue. The occasion was the marriage of his sister-in-law, Miss Annie M. Platten of Port Perry, and Mr. Charles A. Bender of New York. The bride, gowned in white satin, was attended by Misses Lottie Bender, Zora E. Sharp and Florence Platten, and given away by her brother, Mr. James Platten. Mr. Harry Benden was groomsman. After an informal reception Mr. and Mrs. Benden began their wedding journey through the Eastern States, attended by the joyful congratulations and good wishes of their assembled friends, whose handsome gifts were tangible evidence of their warm feeling.

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Attractive invitations and a promising programme announced last night's concert by the Rogerson Literary Society. Those who took part were: Miss Dunn, Miss K. Beatty, Miss Hodgson, Miss T. Wyld, Miss G. Wyld, Miss M. Huston, Miss K. W. Smith, the Misses Ferriman, and Messrs. W. Barclay, Bert Thompson and T. Jones. Club swinging, drill exercises and tableaux combined with recitations and music to make a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

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The students of St. Michael's College gave a dramatic entertainment on March 17. The play, More Sinned Against Than Sinning, was entered into with zest, and the misfortunes of an Irish squire and his son were well depicted. The music was good and the College Glee Club sang some choruses with excellent effect.

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The Genesee Club gave a most enjoyable At Home on Friday evening of last week at the residence of Mrs. W. H. Robinson, Markham street. The success of the occasion was largely due to the club's energetic committee.

*

On Wednesday evening the Public Library Board was At Home in the library buildings. The receiving of guests was an innovation and one calculated to awaken a lively and beneficial interest in the institution. Most of us have seen the reading-rooms in the daytime. We know how silent it is and what a variety of human nature finds its way through the heavy swing doors. We have, perhaps, watched the school-girl in her quest for lesson helps, the business man getting out a recommended work, the student seeking some technical treatise, the butterfly girl looking at the fashions, the Englishman who drops in to see the "'ome papers," and the poor homeless wretch who reads with his book upside down, and still stays on—because it is warm. We have seen this, and we can remember how chilly the atmosphere is, and how everybody wants our book. On Wednesday evening, though the reading-rooms were transformed, decorations relieved the bareness, and good music enlivened those present and furnished a basis for low-voiced conversation. Rare books and works of art were displayed, and eager eyes were fastened on unsuspected treasures for the library was on exhibition, and it astonished every one by its wealth of books. Mr. Bain and his assistants were unremitting in their efforts to entertain their guests and were indeed successful.

*

Says the New York *Sun*: "Novel forms of entertainment are being continually devised and successfully carried out by clever hostesses now that dancing is tabooed during Lent. Among them may be mentioned the so-called Russian receptions. The card of invitation is the same as for the ordinary reception, but when the mystical words, "Russian evening," are engraved in the corner, literary, artistic, and distinguished guests will be received, and and the form of entertainment is a conversazione, interspersed with simple music, a simple standing collation being served, and the guests departing early Bag parties are also decidedly new, the cards of invitation being decorated with a fancy bag painted in the corner. Each guest on arriving is presented with the half of some small pictured object or well-known proverb. A large table is heaped with all sorts and conditions of bags, from party bags of rich silk to button bags of ticking or leather, and on these bags are printed the complimentary half of the pictures or proverbs possessed by guests. The matching of the pictures causes much sport and laughter, and the tobacco and card bags, if not drawn by gentlemen are balloted for and secured from the ladies by exchange. "Progressive games" is sometimes written in the corner of a card, and the recipient may be prepared to move from table to table as in progressive euchre, and to find at each table an entirely different game. The quick change from whist to hearts, or from hearts to tiddle-de-winks is decidedly bewildering, even to the most skilful player."

Resemblance of Brides and Grooms.

A medical authority at Nice has given it as his opinion, "based upon observations upon the numerous young couples who resort thither for their honeymoons," that people marry because they "resemble one another." So far as they go, this gentleman's conclusions may be correct (writes James Payn), but they are drawn from a very limited area. It is quite possible that couples who pass their honeymoons at Nice are very much alike—and very like the other couples. There is a certain conventional likeness about all newly-married persons of a certain rank, but it is no greater than that which exists among the same class who are not married. The association of ideas—from their always being seen together for a week or two—may intensify the impression of similarity, but that is all. Youth, tolerably good looks, fine clothes, an unusual (if short-lived) expression of happiness, are attributes which, when in common, are sufficient to give the idea of similitude. The two hundred and fifty-one photographs which have been "carefully selected" to illustrate this *savan's* view, can corroborate it only to this extent. The whole subject is much too stupendous to be dealt with in such an off-hand fashion. Hitherto, indeed, the opinion of our social philosophers upon the matter has been a precisely opposite one. It is much less usual, they say, for a man to seek his like than his opposite. Stout men marry tall women, dark men blondes, and even learned men, as a rule, prefer women who are not devoted to the 'ologies. And yet why men or women "elect their affinities," or, in more vulgar language, select their partners for life, is probably neither because they are alike nor unlike, but for some reason known only to themselves. Let the cynics say what they will, the majority of our marriages are, more or less, "for love."

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"There ain't much doin' at my trade now."
"What is your trade?"
"Pickin' flowers off er century plants.—*Life.*

Boudoir Gossip.

PERHAPS we judge people by their voices far oftener than we should. We can scarcely help it, for tones do tell such a great deal. There are women and men who, from inattention to the details of good breeding pitch their voices so high as to be very disagreeable to those in their vicinity. It is scarcely pardonable in this age, for a great deal can be done by simply remembering to correct the bad habit and one who is not diligent in the correction of faults is either a fool or a dolt.

One prolific source of rasping voices is bad breathing. This also accounts for the cuddling of consonants until words sound as if the vowels were lost forever. Infants breathe properly, so do most men, but it is a positive fact that women who have not studied voice culture are bad breathers, bad walkers and bad talkers. That means in plain English that the construction of the muscles and internal organs of a woman's body, robs her of three chances to be attractive.

In a pleasing speaking voice there are three primary requisites—good enunciation, correct pronunciation and correct vocal expression, which last is sub-divided into quality, force, pitch, time, stress, inflection, emphasis and pause. From this it will be seen that a single sentence must combine each of these requisites in fairly exact proportions, to be pleasing to the ear and intelligible to the mind.

The placing of the voice is the first consideration, for if it be a head tone it is sure to grow squeaky and rasping with age. The proper opening of the throat, and deep inspiration will, in a very short time, correct a disagreeable voice, and more than repay the diligent student for the time expended in this branch of voice culture.

The low, rounded tones of a woman's voice, made tender because her heart speaks through them, are more powerful than thundered precepts. A soft voice speaks of force in reserve. We unconsciously give to the owner of a gentle, yet forceful, voice, the palm for tact, common-sense, kindliness and self-control. Ministers often ruin their most powerful sentences by expending all their breath upon its opening words and bringing out the last ones with an air of exhaustion.

In the streets, at the theaters, and among the traveling public, one hears far too many rude voices, and a deplorably few people who speak with distinctness in a low-pitched voice.

•

Dame Fashion had ordered that all rings should be small, but her devotees cried out in alarm: "Dear Goddess, we have spent much substance on large rings. Our cherished keepsakes and the fruit of much petty economy are massive, let us wear them and smile on us still."

The goddess heard their petition and has issued this mandate: Unmarried women may wear large rings on their right hands, but on the left the slender wires must appear. The little finger may bear two or even three of these fragile trifles, and the third one often accommodates four or even five. When the engagement ring comes it is worn among the others, though the finger belongs to it. It is when the wedding ring claims the heart finger that the frail wires scamper off. They are then worn upon the right hand and the heavy rings are all placed upon the left.

If this custom is universally adopted, we shall be able to tell at a glance a woman's position regarding matrimony. As in Japan, they blacken the teeth after marriage, the wedded belle of our land will change her rings about with a sigh, and reflect that she is growing old.

•

Never before were finger rings worn so extensively in our land as they are to-day. And such dainty ones they are, too—mere wires of gold with often a single stone. Many, though, are seen with enamelled flowers, and others with a circle, a shaft, a heart, or a band of diamonds, giving out their brilliant light and showing to perfect advantage who detecting mass of ungainly gold to destroy their color or their fire.

•

Women have cases for everything nowadays. Stamps, car tickets, change, cards, tablets, note-book pencils, can all be arranged in a very small space. There is just one article of convenience that one can scarcely carry, and that is a post card. The card case is too small for it. The pocket is too flimsy, and the big blundering thing is a nuisance, especially when one wants to write only a few words. If we had small post cards the size of an ordinary *carte de visite*, we would seriously consider the probability of a millenium actively engaged in making itself at home in our century.

•

"There's one blessing comes with independent girls," said a mother last week. "They are not so liable to grumble. You see, if a girl is, to a certain extent, making her own life, she will not complain of it. The admission that her life has wailing material in it, will indicate that she is not a good manager—not making a success, and who wants to be a big blank failure."

•

To my mind a woman who is incessantly putting things to rights is a bore. She runs after a mote of dust and chases a spider bent on weaving, until the whole of surrounding humanity is nettled and her energies are wasted. When she does stop to breathe, she is wearied.

Is not this the better way, let the dust settle, and the spider spin (in a dark corner of course) and go on with daily duties, taking pleasure from them, and the dear life which is given us. Then when one kind of occupation wearies us, when the blood flows a little sluggishly perhaps, we can rise and put things to better rights, and have more accomplished when we rest, than will the ever-at-it individual who nags and worries and robs existence of half its rest, son and all its joy.

•

DEAR BEAH,—Thank you for your kind letter. The first paragraph, which was personal, I have cut out, because it was to me alone, and I cannot tell you how much I appreciate it. The rest I give below, for I am indeed with you in this matter of head-gear obstruction. Perhaps we shall have some more letters about it next week. I shall be pleased to have you write again.

•

DEAR CLIP CAREW,—The other evening sister and I were so fortunate as to find ourselves at a "Musical" in the Toronto College of Music, but so unfortunate as to sit directly behind a young lady and her mother, both ordinary enough as to general appearance, but something extraordinary as to head-gear. The elder lady was in widow's weeds copious in drapery. Now I don't presume to criticize the sables of grief, but when their presence is so realistic as to utterly preclude the possibility of those behind seeing, except "over" a monument of black, one does wish they were elsewhere, or at least that others were not compelled to sit in shadow likewise. The younger lady wore a "big" hat, for that was most all we could see from the back. Sister and I kept dodging back and forth every which way to get a glimpse of the performers—at a Piano Recital one does wish to see—but about one in ten times would number the successful attempts. Occasionally Sis. and I would collide when we were vainly endeavoring to peek from the same opening. However, we but appreciated the few vocalists who assisted the more since we could comfortably and contendedly sit back and listen to the really artistic renditions of the vocal part which helped to make up the programme. Just think of any sane woman wearing a hat eighteen inches in diameter, loaded with ostrich plumes to a concert hall where the seats are on the same plane. If we had been wee women, Sister and I, we would have been nowhere that evening. Now when there are so many reforms in progress cannot some one do something to reform the present custom of wearing such objectionably large chapeaux to church, concerts, etc., etc., where the people behind have as much right to a point of view as ourselves. When reading your interesting article on feet and footgear, I wished Clip Carew would give us a talk about heads and head-gear. I'm sure there's much of character expressed in the choice of one's hat, and a womanly woman should not lose her individuality in a general sacrifice to the goddess of fashion. BEAH.

•

"Here's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gi'e us a hand of thine."

MY FRIEND CLIP CAREW,—The hand-clasp of friendship cheers and helps along life's pathway. Have you not found its worth? Is it not amusing that there should be so many kinds of hand shake—formal, society and political—all necessary to keep in motion the machinery of social and political existence? Can we always judge of the character by the hand, when the shapely and tapering fingers belonging to the soft, white palm are so often changed into broadness, flatness and hardness by many of the occupations of life, while the rheumatic ailments bring knots and deformities?

Carefully reading your remarks about the feet, I find, in my mind, a slightly decided opposition to common sense shoes. Where the instep is high, rising abruptly from the toes, the arch of the foot does not seem to be sustained—the foot is flattened. I agree with you, though, that too many shoes are not sufficiently roomy for the occupant, and I, with many others, heartily deplore, when too late, the thoughtlessness that suffered short shoes, for a brief space of time, to cause suffering for years.

"His very foot has music in't,
As he comes up the s ale."

The good man whose footstep brought music to his wife's listening ear must have had sound untrammeled feet, minus excrescences, or the wife's loving thought harmonized the steps, because the child's patter, patter across the floor is to the mother's listening ear a pleasing sound.

What fancies follow the word footsteps! We think of fairies with their light and dainty tread among the flowers. Passing from human to divine, a sweet and solemn hush steals over the soul at the thought of angel footsteps around our daily life. It may not be inappropriate to recall, when night enfolds us, the words of Lover:

"Oh! keep so watch in darkness
For angels then are near."

Yes, my friend, all agree that wedding presents often represent folly, and possibly the bride hardly knows where to place the gifts, especially if she has too many of one kind—fortunately there are places where duplicates may be exchanged, yet when wedding invitations arrive custom has inexorably stamped them with the invisible word, gift—a good word if embodying friendship. You bring to my mind dainty colors and sweet odors of spring with the violets which we must imagine while snow covers the ground and conservatories are far away. JANE.

•

Canada,—You ask me to give you my opinion of women who crowd the street cars when there are no vacant seats, and then take a proffered one without a word of thanks. I have an opinion of them, but it is better thought out when I am alone than expressed here. I think many women show a disgustingly selfish spirit in boarding a car that is filled, except in case of urgent necessity. It often happens that five minutes' wait will bring along a half empty one. If a man does relinquish his seat to a woman I cannot understand her acceptance of it as if it were her right. She is more able in many cases to stand. The reason for his courtesy is that the manly spirit is still clutching at the chivalry of the past—that chivalry which gave to women an indefinite halo of goodness, unselfishness and truth. We should strive to keep the halo and not dissipate it by rudely wresting from men what they are willing to give us for a "Thank you." CLIP CAREW.

For Business.

Fashion indicates for business wear for this season two general styles, the sack and cutaway walking coat. The sack coat is a very favorable and comfortable coat, more especially for the younger men, and will be worn a great deal this season. The cutaway walking coat is the favorite for business use for all ages. It has demonstrated its suitability against all other styles. It is neat and manly, yet convenient and comfortable. The principal change in style this season is a shade lower cut, and leaving more room to show shirt front to display the wide four-in-hand scarf now prevailing. The fashionable colors for Scotch wool tweeds are Scotch rots are tobacco brown, grayish blues, dark grays, and tan colors. These are the prevailing shades for this season, and which, in point of style, make up very handsomely. Such are the goods which the Fashionable West End Tailor has just received by special importation, and which are now open for inspection. I take this opportunity of asking my patrons and the public generally to call early and leave their orders for spring. By so doing they have the opportunity of getting first choice. HENRY A. TAYLOR,
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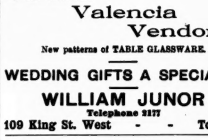

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CHAPTER XIII.

"FOR SOME MUST STAND, AND SOME MUST FALL ON FLEE."

Mr. Champion had been laid at rest in a brand new vault at Kensal Green for nearly a month, and his widow was at Interlachen, with the usual cousin, model, and courier, excursionising mildly among the snow peaks and glaciers, playing Chopin's nocturnes, reading Shelley, Keats, and Swinburne, and abandoning herself to a vague melancholy, which was the relief in the solitude of everlasting hills, and the seclusion of private sitting-rooms at the hotel. Edith Champion was at Interlachen, whence she wrote to Gerard Hillersdon twice a week, long letters in a fine, firm hand, on the smoothest paper, with a delicate perfume of wood violets—letters descriptive of every drive and every ramble among the hills, letters meditative upon the poetry she had been reading, or the last German novel, with its diffuse sentimentality and its domestic virtues; letters which generally contained a little white woolly flower, plucked amidst perpetual snow; letters which did all that letters can do to bridge the distance between the lovers. Gerard replied less lengthily, but with the same tenderness, to all those letters of June and July. He wrote from his heart, or he told himself that he was so writing. He wrote with a large lined portrait of his sweetheart upon his desk, in front of him, a portrait which met his eyes whenever he lifted them from his paper, a lifelike likeness of the beautiful face and figure, gorgeous in court gown and mantle, a tiara on the imperial head, a riviere of diamonds upon the perfect neck; a portrait whose beauty he would have been enough for a princess of the blood royal, yet which seemed only in harmony with Edith Champion's beauty.

Sometimes between these fake, with its grand lines and classic regularity, there would come the vision of another face, altogether different, yet no less beautiful—the ethereal loveliness of the Raffaelle Madonna, the elongated oval cheek and chin and straight sharply chiselled nose, the exquisite refinement of the mouth and lips and delicate arch of the eyebrows over violet eyes, the pearly tints of a complexion in which there was no brilliancy of color, no peach bloom, only a transparent whiteness, beneath which the veins about the temples and around the eyes showed faintly azure—an oval face framed in shadowy brown hair. With what a fatal persistence this image haunted him, and yet he had seen Hester Davenport only once since that afternoon at Chelsea, when the old man introduced him into the humble lodging-house parlor. Once only had he returned there, and that was to escort his sister, who was delighted to renew her acquaintance with the curate's beautiful daughter. That had happened three weeks ago, and Lilian and Hester had met several times since, those meetings of which Gerard had heard every detail.

And now the London season was drawing to its close and Lilian had to leave her brother's house in order to do her duty as an only daughter, and accompany her father and mother to Hoyle, where the rector was to take a course of waters, which was to secure him an immunity from gout for the best part of a year, until the "cure" season came round again and the London physicians had decided where he was to go. It would be Lilian's last journey as a spinster with her father and mother, who was to be married early in the coming year, and to take upon herself husband and parish—that parish of St. Lawrence's Rectory, to which she had already attached herself, and whose schools, alms-houses, dispensary, night-refuge, orphanage and reading-room were as familiar to her as the contents of her purse, formed into a morning-room at Helmsleigh Rectory.

It was her last morning at Hillersdon House, and she was breakfasting *tete a tete* with her brother, a rare pleasure, as Gerard had been very erratic of late, rarely breakfasting at home till the middle of the night, and not often leaving his own rooms till the middle of the day. He had been drinking deep of the cup of pleasure, as it is offered to a young man who in the height of the London season, but pleasure in his case had not meant debauchery, and the only vice to which the rumors tempted him was an occasional hour's worship of the mystic number nine, or a quiet evening at piquet or poker. And in this drinking of the pleasure chalice, he told himself that he was in no wise unduly consuming the candle of life, inasmuch as there was no pleasure which London could offer him that could stir the blood or kindle the fiery breath of passion. His heart beat no quicker when he held the bank at baccarat than when he sat over a book alone in his den. Time had been when an hour's play fired his blood and set his temples throbbing; but to his millionaire ease or pride it was little. There was only the pleasant exultation of success for its own sake, success which was no more delightful than if he had made a good shot at bowls on a summer day. Thus, he argued, that he was living soberly within himself, even when his nights were spent among the wildest young men in London, the frequenters of the after-midnight clubs and the late restaurants.

"How nice it is to have a quiet half-hour with you, Gerard," said Lilian, as they began breakfast, he trifling with a devilled sardine, and attacking bread and butter and strawberries, while the chef's choicest kickshaws disdained remained untouched under shining silver covers.

"Yes, dear, and how soon such quiet hours will be impossible. I shall miss you dreadfully."

"And yet, although we have lived under the same roof we have seen very little of each other."

"True, but it has been so sweet to know you were there, that I had always a sympathetic confidante near at hand."

Lilian answered with a sigh.

"You have given me no confidences, Gerard."

"Have I not! Believe me it has been from no lack of faith in your honor and discretion. Perhaps I was because I had nothing to tell!"

"Ah, Gerard, I have been fancying that you have a secret—a secret which concerns Mrs. Champion. I know she something more to you than a common-place friend."

Gerard laughed to himself ever so softly at his sister's *naiveté*. "What, has your penetration made that clear to your mind, Lilian?" he said. "Yes, Edith Champion and I are more than common friends. We were plighted lovers once, *dans le temps*, when we were both fresh and innocent and penniless. Wisdom and experience intervened. The young lady was induced to marry an elderly money-bag, who loved her very well, and to whom her behavior was perfect. I changed from lover to friend, and that friendship was never disturbed by word or it ever occasion the slightest uneasiness to Mr. Champion."

"And now that Mrs. Champion is a widow, free to marry for love—?" questioned Lilian, timidly.

"In all probability she will become my wife—when her mourning is over. Shall you like her as a sister-in-law, Lilian?"

"How can I do otherwise. She has always been so kind to me."

"Ah, I remember. She took you to her dressmaker. I believe that is the highest effort of a woman's friendship."

"How lightly you speak of her, Gerard, and how coldly—and yet I am sure you care for her more than for anyone else in the world."

"Naturally, and she deserves my affection, after having remained constant to me through the long interregnum of a loveless marriage."

"She is just the kind of woman you ought to marry. With her beauty and good style she will help you to maintain your position, and she will get rid of the friends whose influence I fear."

"Which of my friends, Lilian?"

"All those who come to this house, except Jack, and perhaps you will say Jack is no friend of yours, that you are not in touch with him, as you call it."

"He is my friend all the same. Granted that we differ upon every point in ethics and creed. I like him because he is straight, and strong, and true, and outspoken, and hearty—a man whom I would turn in doubt and difficulty, in sickness or despair—a good, brave, honest man, Lilian, a man that I glory in calling my most dearest thing I have on earth, my only sister."

Tears sprang to Lilian's eyes at this praise of her lover. She could not answer in words for a few moments, but she stretched out her hand to her brother, and they sat hand clasped in hand.

"How happy I am," she faltered at last, "to have won him, and to have your love as well."

"And now tell me why you dislike my friends."

"Because they seem to me all false and hollow—full of flowery words and shallow wit—arrogant, superficial, making light of all good men's creeds, dismissing noble lives and noble thoughts with a jest. Some of them are pleasant enough—Mr. Larose, for instance, with his elegant languor, and his rhapsodies about art and architecture—Mr. Gambler, with his schemes for new novels, which he has the impertinence to tell me will be unfit for me to read."

"Poor Gambler, that is his harmless vanity. He most ardently desires to be ranked with Zola and rejected by Mudie."

"There is one of your friends whose presence fills me with horror, and yet he has more winning manners than any of them."

"Indeed."

"The man who laughs at everything, Mr. Jermyn."

"Jermyn the Fate reader."

"He has never read my fate."

"No, he refused at a moment's attempt. 'There is a light in your sister's countenance that baffles augury,' he told me. 'If I were to say anything about her it would be that she was created to be happy—but a creature of this kind one never knows what happiness means. It might mean martyrdom.' So you dislike Lucian Jermyn?"

"It is not so much dislike as fear that I feel when I think of him. When I am in his society I can hardly help liking him. His interests and amuses me in spite of myself. But it is his bad influence upon you that I fear."

"Ay dear Lilian, that is all mere girl's talk. Bad influence, bosh! You don't suppose that my experience of life since I went to the University has left my mind a blank sheet of paper, to be written upon by the first comer. Jermyn is a new acquaintance, not a friend, and his influence upon my life is nil. He amuses me—that's all. I am amused by you, by his queer, gnomish ways and impish tricks. And now, before you go, tell me about Hester Davenport. You have been her friend for the last few weeks, and have lightened her burdens. What will she do when you are gone?"

"Oh, we shall write to each other. We are going to be friends for life, you and I. When I am settled at the vicarage we shall see each other often. She will come to St. Lawrence everybody knows that I love her."

"That is something for her to look forward to, no doubt; but in the meantime she is to go on with her drudgery, I suppose, without even the comfort of occasional companionship in a girl of her own rank. Why could you not persuade her to accept an income from me, which would be, at least, enough to provide for her and her father?"

"I did not try very hard to overrule her decision. Gerard, it would be wrong. I could only agree with her that she could take no such help from you, or from any one in your position. She could not sacrifice her independence by allowing herself to be placed under obligation."

"I am not a stranger. I know her father's wretched story, and he was my father's curate. That does not make me a stranger. I don't think that either you or she realizes the position—a man with more money than he knows what to do with, and a beautiful young woman a great deal of his wealth, waste thousands upon futile aims. Why should not such a man sink a few thousands to provide permanently for the comfort of a girl who story has touched his heart? I would so settle the money that she would receive the income from me for a year, without ever being reminded of its source. There would be no humiliation, no sense of obligation; the thing once done upon her part would be done for ever. Why should it not be?"

"Because she will not have it so. Call her proud if you like—I admire her for her pride. She is content with life as she leads it. She works hard, but she is her own mistress, and she is able to do her work at home, and to avoid some the wildest young men in London, the frequenters of the after-midnight clubs and the late restaurants.

"Nor is she the only one who is a quiet half-hour with you, Gerard," said Lilian, as they began breakfast, he trifling with a devilled sardine, and attacking bread and butter and strawberries, while the chef's choicest kickshaws disdained remained untouched under shining silver covers.

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Cheyne Walk, where he left them to walk up and down in the summer starlight, very lonely in the great house, and to wonder at him when he made them a reluctant good night.

"How lovely she is, but how cold," he thought, as he walked homeward. "She is more like a picture than a living, suffering woman. The old man's reformation sits uneasily upon him. Poor wretch, I believe he is longing for a relapse—would sell his soul for a miserable remnant of life for a month or two of self-indulgence."

Gerard pondered much upon Davenport's so called reformation, in the sincerity of which he had very little faith.

It was only because he was penniless that he was sober—the craving for alcohol was perhaps as strong as it had ever been. If any stroke of luck filled his pockets he would break out again as badly as of old. It was only this account, doubtless, that his daughter was content to labor, to live upon a pittance. Poverty means the absence of temptation.

After this Gerard Hillersdon spent many an evening hour in the Davenport menage. He supplied Hester with books and choicest flowers, took the newspapers, and hot-house grapes to the old man, who ate the grapes with a greedy relish, as if he caught faint flavors of the vineyards of Hamburg in the grapes, in that English fruit. His visits and his gifts grew to be accepted as a matter of course. The old man was quite content to sleep, or often sat reading late into the night, although she was generally at her sewing machine before eight o'clock in the morning. She was more light of the needle than reading lamp, which her own skilful hands prepared every morning.

Gerard wondered at her placid acceptance of this life of toil and monotony. Again and again as he walked slowly up and down the shadowy promenade by the river, he had sought by insidious questionings to discover the lurking spirit of rebellion, the revolt against that fate which had doomed her to life-long deprivations. No word of complaint was ever spoken of those beautiful lips, pale in the moonlight. The London season had passed her by, with all its pleasures, its smart raiment, and bustle of coaching meets and throng of carriages and riders in that focus of movement by Albert gate whither her footsteps had so often taken her; she had seen the butterflies in all their glory, had seen women infinitely inferior to herself in all womanly graces set off and glorified by all the arts of costume and enamel, dyed hair and painted eyebrows, into a semblance of beauty, and queening it upon the strength of factitious charms, and yet no sense of this world's injustice had embittered her gentle spirit. Patience was the keynote of her character. If every now and then upon her lonely walks a man stopped as if spell-bound at a vision of unexpected beauty, and turned to follow her, she thought only of his unmanneliness, not of her own attractions; and evil as are the ways of men, few ever ventured to follow or to address her, for the quiet resolution in the earnest face, the purpose in the steady walk, told all but the incorrigible snob that she was a woman who meant business. No, she had never rebelled against fate. All that she asked from life was the power to maintain her father's comfort, and to minister in some to those degrading habits which had made the misery of her girlhood.

August was half over, West End London was a desert, and still Gerard lingered. Gerard the double millionaire, whom all the loveliest spots upon this earth invited to take his pleasure at this holiday season. His friends had pined him insufferably with their questions and suggestions before they set upon their own summer pilgrimages. Those mysteriously fluctuating diseases of which one only hears at the end of the season, had driven their victims in various directions, sympathetically crowding to the same springs, and sunning themselves in the same gardens. The array of martyrs to eczema and gout were boring themselves insufferably in Auvergne—the rheumatic were in Norway, the nervous in Switzerland, and shattered nerves were playing tennis or tobogganing at St. Moritz—the shooting men were in Scotland, or the moors of Yorkshire. The idlers, who want only to wear fine clothes, do a little baccarat, and dabble in summer travelets, were at Trouville, Etretat, Parame, Dinard, or Dieppe. For Gerard deliberately to stay in London after the twelfth, was an act so perverse and monstrous that he must needs invent some excuse for it in his own mind. Gerard's excuse was that he was not a sportsman, had shot all the grouse he ever wanted to or desired to, had seen all of the continent that he cared to see, and that he felt himself hardly strong enough for traveling. The perfect tranquillity of his own house, tendered by trusty servants, was better than the finest hotel in Europe, the marble staircases and flower gardens of the grand Bregagna at Delaggio, or the best cuisine of the Comfortable Schweitzerhof at Lucarne. He wanted rest, and he got it in his own rooms where his every caprice and idiosyncrasy found its expression in the right direction.

Why should he leave London? He had invitations enough to have made a small octavo volume. If he had cared to bind and perpetuate that evidence of the worship which Society offers to Mammon, invitations worded in every form and phrase that can tempt man's vanity or minister to his self-esteem. Invitations to Castles in Scotland, to moated granges in Warwickshire, to manor houses and shooting boxes in Yorkshire—to the wolds and moors of the north, to Dartmoor and Exmoor, to Connemara and Kerry, to every point of the compass in the British Isles, and even to chateaus in France, and hunting lodges in Servia, Bohemia, Hungary, and heaven knows where. And every one of those invitations, many of them backed with playful allusions to daughters who for this or the other of his various accomplishments—tennis, chess, music, sketching—were especially eager for his society, every one of these invitations he knew was addressed not to himself but to his millions. This adulation filled him with unspeakable scorn; nor if the invitations had been prompted by the most genuine friendliness would he have accepted one of them. Why should he fall in with other people's habits, or share in pleasures not originated by himself, he who could live his own life—carry his own retinue with him wherever he cared to go—charter the finest yacht that had ever been launched—hire the most luxurious of shooting boxes, castles, or chateaux—and take existence at his own measure, knowing no ruler but the caprice of the hour.

His answer to all these hospitable offers was a polite refusal. His health was too precarious to permit his enjoyment of visits which would otherwise be most agreeable. These refusals were written on his secretary and elicited much comment upon the insolence and presumption of the newly rich, and from the masculine recipients some untriendly allusions to beggars on horseback.

Thus August drew towards a sultry close and the newspapers were absorbed by Parliamentary reports, dressed themselves in the feathers of the screech owl and devoted a daily column to cholera, while the leveller and more discursive papers took up some topic of the hour, serial or domestic, and opened their pages to a procession of letters upon the thrilling question of what we shall do with our empty sardine tins, or is the stage a safe profession for clergymen's daughters, or how to enjoy three weeks' holiday for a five pound note. If Gerard Hillersdon had no longing for change from arid and overbaked streets, he was perhaps the only person in town whose body did not turn with God-speed towards shadowy vales and running streams, towards mountain or seashore. Even Hester's religious temper was stirred by this natural longing. "How lovely it must be up the river in this weather," she said one evening when Gerard was strolling by her side under the trees of Cheyne Walk. Her father was with them. In all Gerard's visits he had never found her alone—not once had they two talked together without a listener, not once had their eyes met without the witness of other eyes. A passionate longing sometimes seizd him as they paced soberly up and down in the summer moonlight, a longing to be alone with her, to hold her hands, to look into her eyes, and reach the secret of her heart without thus questioning—but never yet had that desire been gratified. Once on a sudden impulse he went to Hook street in the afternoon, knowing her father often spent an hour or two before dinner at the Free Library, but the landlady who opened the door told him Miss Davenport was at her work, and must on no account be disturbed.

"You act as least tell her that I am here, and would be glad to see her, if only for a few minutes," said Gerard, and as he had to deal with a woman more than one handsome douceur, she went into the parlor and gave his message.

She returned almost immediately to say that Miss Davenport was engaged upon work that had to be finished that afternoon, and she could not leave her sewing machine.

The sound of the hated wheel was audible while the woman delivered her message, and Gerard left the threshold angry with fate and life—anger even with the girl who had denied herself to him.

"It is pride, obstinacy, heartlessness," he told himself, in the bitterness of his disappointment. "She knows that I adore her—that I can make her life one long summer holiday; that I have the power to place her in world contains of beauty or of pleasure, and yet she goes on grinding that odious wheel. She would rather be the drudge of a German tailor than the delight and joy of my life."

It was while he was in this embittered state of mind that he found himself face to face with Lucia Davenport, only a few paces from Mr. Davenport's door.

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"I thought you were in the Black Forest," he said, annoyed at the encounter.

"I have been there—have tramped with my knapsack on my back, like a student from Heidelberg or Gottingen, have drunk the cup of pleasure at roadside inns, dozed in such a long summer day and dreamt of Mephisto and the witches on the Brocken. But one day a fancy seized me to come back to London and hunt you up. I heard from Roger Larose that you had turned hermit, and were living secluded in the house he built for you—and I, who am something of the hermit myself, felt myself drawn to you by sympathy. Was that Gretchen's wheel I heard just now, as I passed the house where you were calling?"

"I have no idea what you may have heard, but I should like to know what brings you to this particular neighborhood."

"Curiosity and a fast hansom. I saw you driving this way as I stood waiting to cross the road at Albert gate, with the intention of calling upon you. Useless to go to your house when you were driving away from it, so I hailed a hansom, and told the driver to keep yours in view without too obviously following you—and so the man drove me to the corner of this street, where I alighted from my hansom just as you dismissed yours. I passed the house yonder on the opposite side of the way while you were talking to the landlady, who took her own time in opening the door. You were too much absorbed to notice me as I went by, and through the open window I saw a girl working at a sewing machine—a pale, proud face, which flushed crimson when the woman announced your visit."

"And you expect me to submit to the insolence of this espionage. Whatever your gifts may be, Mr. Jermyn, whether you excel most as a prophet, necromancer, or a private detective, I must beg you to exercise your talents upon other subjects, and to give me a wide berth."

Justin Jermyn responded to this reproof with a hearty laugh. "Nonsense," he said, "you pretend to be angry, but you are not in earnest. Nobody is ever angry with me. I am a privileged offender. I am everybody's jester. Let me be your fool. Give me the privileges that emperors of old gave to their jesters. You will find me at worst a better companion than your own thoughts."

"They are gloomy enough at the present moment," said Gerard, subjugated at last by that unknown influence which he had never been strong enough to resist.

He knew not what the force was by which this young man mastered him, but he knew that the mastery was complete. He was Justin Jermyn's chose—to be bent this way or that.

"You are unhappy," cried Jermyn. "You, with the one lever which can move the world under your hand. Absurb. If you have wishes, realize them. If any man stands in the way of your desire, buy him. All men are to be bought—that is an old axiom of prime ministers—from Wolsey to Walpole—and almost all women. You are a fool to waste yourself upon unfulfilled desires, which mean fever and unrest. You have the Peau de Chagrin—the talisman of power in your banking account."

"Yes, the Peau de Chagrin—we may take it as an allegorical figure to represent the power of money in an age of advanced civilization—but while I possess the power I have to remember the penalty. With every passionate desire fulfilled the talisman shrinks, and the possessor's life dwindles."

"No, my friend, it is our unfulfilled desires that shorten our lives—our ambitions never realized—our hopeless loves. With realization comes satiety, and satiety means rest. The peril lies in the passionate wish, not in its fruition.

(To be Continued.)

Saint Kate.

When little Kate Melville was about to become Mrs. Rupert St. Jermyn, she looked forward to a host of wifely duties that should go toward making for the braw, handsome laddie of her choice, an earthly paradise; as for herself she intended to reserve the right of darning all Rupert's socks—this little selfish gratification was one of the many bright anticipations that refused to be dimmed by the greater glories of new toilets, dining out, or summers at Newport.

What use to say that Rupert St. Jermyn's relatives wondered—with high-held aristocratic noses and chiselled lips a-curve—at the folly of uplifting that little Melville girl to the throne that the lady of St. Jermyn was from time immemorial known to occupy! Little use, indeed. And as Estelle, a Florence, two Arabellas and three Marys of quite distinguished families languished, despaired, racked their brains and grew frantic over the news as the weeks rolled by and brought the wedding day to a little bride grateful and happy, to an idolized bridegroom, also grateful and happy, and to the dear five hundred assembled guests in altogether different frames of mind.

And so, after the ordeal of the inquisitive gauntlet had been safely run, the rite was over and the carriage gained, Rupert bent over to whose as little head rested upon his broad shoulder and called her his "own"; and Kate surely forgot that the stiff white satin her new mother-in-law had presented her with could rumple, for two shining white sleeves went up around Rupert's neck, as she whispered a happy little syllable or two.

"Kate, you hold the key to my heart," said St. Jermyn, gravely, quite forgetting that there were two keys, and that the one he does not give her she will find before many days.

And before many days she sees a shining corner of the key. The beautiful house is quiet at last. The corridors no longer echo the forced laughter of an Estelle or an Arabella, or any other whose hearts are as vindictive as their faces are smiling upon the little bride. Sweet quiet reigns; and now as St. Jermyn is to spend one blissful evening alone with her she brings out the blue satin lined work basket containing half-a-dozen pairs of very new half hose, and with a sigh of genuine happiness, proceeds to mark them forthwith with shining strands of silken floss.

"What are you trying to do, dear?" asks St. Jermyn.

"I am marking your socks, Rupert, one is so apt to lose them in the laundry."

"One may be apt to lose them; but not a Mrs. St. Jermyn, so long as there are housekeepers or seamstresses to do their work. Put it up, Katie, while I am by."

And the poor little basket is banished.

"Oh, Rupert, here is the dearest little song by Millard—open the piano for me and I will sing it for you."

"Some other time, love; come talk to me."

There is a low cushion between gaslight and firelight, and here, book in hand, Kate seats herself.

"The drollest article," says she, "just listen, dear!"

"You do not care then to talk to me?"

And Kate, looking up, catches her first gleam of an ugly key that opens the largest cell in St. Jermyn's heart.

The St. Jermyns are a proud people—and with the right kind of pride. And so when the highly strung, sensitive youth of the present house fell to thinking of Kate, who lived in anything but an aristocratic neighborhood in anything but a stylish residence, mater and pater took counsel together, and, after some deliberation, decided to bestow their benedictions and certain real estate upon the little maid.

"I know my son," said mater, "and I feel assured that the child he loves will give him less cause for jealousy than any lady in our circle—and you know to what great lengths Rupert's jealousy leads him!"

"To blind and unreasonable fury, my dear," acquiesced poor pater.

When Kate's birthday comes around with the bright, faithful old sun that has kissed her pretty pink cheeks for exactly nineteen years, there are ever so many presents grouped about her breakfast-plate. Nineteen links of gold, with a pearl in each, from Pater St. Jermyn; nineteen yards of old point lace from Mater St. Jermyn; a modest little volume of poetry from school friends with nineteen good wishes written upon the fly leaf. From under her monogrammed breakfast-plate there peeps a little note from Rupert:

"As I cannot give you nineteen little ponies and phaetons," the little note runs, "please accept from me one of each. Blessed be this day! R. St. J."

What drives she takes to be sure before the month is ended. Every school fellow whose name is between the brown bindings of her birthday book is taken an airing. She knows it isn't just what Honora or Estelle or Arabella would do, for these school friends are not of upper tendom by any means; but her life is not run in their narrow grooves, and the dove-colored folds of silk sink contentedly down by the side of the brown delaine or checked gingham as the blue-ribboned whip urges the pony out along the country roads where the sweet, pure air can blow on the weary city girl's face beside her.

"Oh, how nice it is to be rich!" cries one girl, whom Kate is just now befriending.

"Very nice," admits Kate.

"If my poor brother could only ride out—poor Philip!"

"Is Philip ailing?" asks Kate, remembering well the little fellow who not so many years ago was ever her champion at school.

"He is dying!" and the girl's sobs rob the day of its beauty.

"Not that!" cries Kate. "Am I too late, then, to be of use to him?"

"Oh, no, dear; come to-morrow if the day is fine, and mother will call you an angel from heaven."

The next day is fine and the phaeton is brought to the door at four o'clock.

"Where goest thou, petite?" asks St. Jermyn, lounging up the walk to where a fairy figure stands arrayed in a most bewitching toilet.

"I am going to drive, dear."

"Alone! By the way, love, do you think the phaeton top will accommodate that high crowned miracle of a hat you wear?"

"If it doesn't the phaeton top must be altered—the hat dare not be lowered one inch—that is Mme. Chapeau's strict injunction," says Kate, answering the last question first; "and I am not going alone."

"Then I am going with you?"

"No, sir, I believe not," lazily drawing on the elfish gloves.

"Who might it be then—a lady or gentleman?"

"Unhitch Jetty and then I'll tell;" and when the black pony starts briskly off from the curb-stone, Kate turns and says, "I hope he'll live to be a gentleman."

Poor St. Jermyn! Out from this dark cell crawls the demon of jealousy, glaring and vindictive. Ha! she has not said who it was—a man though—this much she has admitted, growled the demon. Why do you not follow her, fool—your Lucifer is a swifter traveler than her pony.

"Saddle Lucifer!" he commands.

Meanwhile Kate reaches the bare little cottage and finds the Philip she used to know grown tall, and oh, so thin!

"I have come to show you my new pony, Philip, and beg you to try the new phaeton cushions—you will, won't you, Philip?"

"Oh, thankee, thankee, Mrs. St. Jermyn," cries the weary mother, with a cross baby under one arm, and a bundle of clothes under the other.

"Come, Philip, let us go before the sunshine leaves the tree tops. I want to show you how the little hazel bushes have grown since you and I went nutting."

"Oh, the beautiful country! Kate, this noisome city atmosphere is killing me. I know that if I could get out into the country that I could get well," says Philip's faint, longing voice.

"Let us go and find a place, Philip. Get up, Jetty!"

In another five minutes Philip is being bowled carefully along the avenue that leads out upon the country roads. But at a sharp turn in the road a horseman dashes across their path and reins in a powerful animal directly in front of the astonished pony, stopping it outright.

"Kate!" almost shrieked the horseman.

"Oh, what has happened, Rupert!" cries poor Kate.

"What has happened, indeed? I find you driving about with a strange gentleman; that is all! I must beg you to alight, sir!" says the demon in Rupert's stead as Lucifer brings his master to where, close beside Kate, sits a tall, handsome youth. "Alight, or I will drag you down!"

Then the key that Kate has had but a faint glimpse of comes looming up its ugly shape and the small hands of Rupert's little bride take it prisoner.

"Stay where you are, Philip!" commands Kate, coolly laying one gloved hand upon the coat sleeve next her.

"Philip!" shrieks the demon.

As the name comes through the shut teeth, the sick lad, with a low moan, faints away.

"You have killed him, Rupert!" cries Kate.

And Rupert, seeing the drawn lines about the sensitive mouth, the dull, half-closed eyes and livid cheek lying against Kate's shoulder, believes her, and, with a cry of horror, he puts spurs to Lucifer and is gone—with no thought of the little bride or how she may get home with Philip.

But she does get home to the boy's mother, who comes with anxious heart to receive the fainting invalid; and Philip will not tell, when after a while his eyes unclose and he finds Kate beside him, how the St. Jermyn jealousy has done it all.

It is within a week of Rupert's birthday, and Kate is busy at work making a lounging coat for her contrite hero. Many little quick snatches under table and bed does the poor coat get as the master of the house is heard approaching, and a flush will insist upon taking complete possession of her sweet face, while the tell-tale eyes strive bravely to hide their knowledge of any secret.

But the demon does not let these little signs escape his great green eyes, and, although St. Jermyn tries his best to choke the beast, it will rear its baleful head whenever a light footfall is heard in his wife's boudoir and the locked door is slow to open.

As last one day it happens that he springs lightly on the staircase and tries the door of his wife's room. It is locked. Immediately there is the sound of retreating footsteps, a window is raised and lowered, a light laugh rings in his ears and then little red-faced Kate meekly unlocks the door.

"It would seem that my presence causes you a good deal of annoyance. Is my coming here an intrusion?" he asks, and his brows lower ominously.

"No, indeed, my love; but is this your faith in me?"

"I heard this window opened—ha! what is that?" he cries.

There lies a coat—a man's coat—in a tumbled heap upon the steps without. The great veins on Rupert's forehead swell in his jealous fury, his hands clench, the muscles of his throat grow like iron, and in his madness his brain loses its reasoning power.

Before the awful storm that follows, Kate does not falter, and when at last his rage has worn itself out and the poor unfortunate can listen to her, Kate very gently and calmly tells him all about it.

Mother Jermyn proposes, when the birthnight of her son has come in its sable, stardotted mantle, to surprise him with a masquerade. But Kate has been told of her scheme, and, thinking this an excellent opportunity for arousing the demon and killing it, our heroine whets her knife and prepares for the fray.

. . . . . .

The boudoir door is ajar when Rupert is about to enter. It is evening. The lights are burning above the dressing glass and between the two a low Japanese screen is placed. Rupert's eyes rest upon a very handsome man who stands before the mirror, evidently lost in admiration of his own charms, for he twirls his dark mustache as he hums a snatch of Erminie or stops to smile at some pleasant fancy. A high silk tile rests upon his dark hair and his satin tie suggests the dude. In a shadowy corner by the open grate the lounge is wheeled and upon it reclines his wife, for St. Jermyn's eyes are not long in discovering the little slippers of golden bronze lying just where the familiar blue silk wrapper reaches the floor in shining folds.

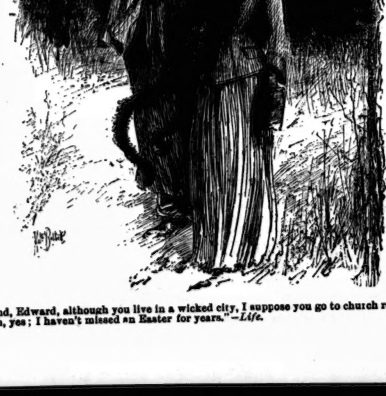
The man at the mirror suddenly lowers the gas jet to a subdued glimmer and turns and faces St. Jermyn. In a trice Rupert springs across the room, knocks down the screen, collars the object of his ire and proceeds to cane him unmercifully with the light rattan stick he has snatched from the stranger's hand.

"Forbear!" cries poor little Kate, as the cane is broken across her shoulders. "I'm Kate—oh, Rupert, I'm your wife—and is this, then, your faith in me? Farewell!—I'm going back to the home you took me from only a few short months ago. Good by, Rupert—I'm going home."

Kate sobs and chokes and tears off the hat and coat and necktie—the mustache has gone long ago—and stands arrayed in the brown wrapper he knows so well.

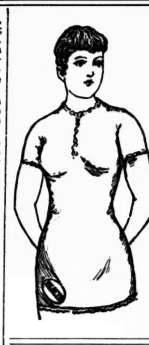
"No, you are not going, by Heaven!"

The strong arms gather up the poor little aching body and carry her into the next room where the broad divan is waiting to receive her. There does the contrite man kneel down beside his wife and beg her to forgive him.]



"And, Edward, although you live in a wicked city, I suppose you go to church regularly."
"Oh, yes; I haven't missed an Easter for years."—*Life.*

THESE ARE TWO AWFULLY JOLLY GIRLS



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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor.

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Music.

The combination of the Toronto Choral Society and the Toronto Symphony Orchestra which was made for Thursday evening of last week, was a very successful one. A large audience attended the concert, and was by no means chary of its approval, the variety produced by the alternation of choral and orchestral work, being a pleasing one. The vicissitudes that have attended the history of the Choral Society this season were many, owing to the illness of Mr. Edward Fisher, who had for ten years conducted its musical destinies. When the conductor resigned and Signor D'Auria was appointed his successor, it seemed a natural result that the two organizations thus placed under his baton, should unite, especially as the subscription list of the Choral Society was not a large one, and was for only one concert. The fitness of Signor D'Auria to conduct a body of voices, was well demonstrated.

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The chief work done by the Society at the concert was Heinrich Hofmann's Melusina, a composition of great beauty in spite of its rather heavy character. To the musician it is interesting on account of its clever orchestration, which is bright and constantly varying in style and color. To the ordinary audience it may seem a little dull owing to the long solos which, in both soprano and baritone parts are placed very high, and do not afford much relief of contrast to either singer or hearer. The solos of the alto and bass are better placed and are strong and effective. The choruses are of more than ordinary difficulty, a brilliant effect being sought for in a hunting chorus for men's voices, which is placed so high that the tenors, who attacked it boldly and bravely, had more to do than they could accomplish with comfort or with really good tone. Signor D'Auria showed himself a master of his chorus, which though not numerically strong, sang with spirit, certainty and a good, clear tone. The intonation was good, and the attacks gave evidence of a conscientious rehearsal. The former quality, however, was threatened a trifle in the first chorus, which was unaccompanied. The orchestral part of Melusina was exceedingly well done, in spite of the occasional timidity of the horns, to whose share much of the work fell.

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Madame D'Auria, who sang the soprano solos, was suffering from an evident bronchial trouble, and did not in consequence sing as well as her undoubted talent would lead her auditors to expect, but she bravely delivered her exacting part in good tone and with scrupulous correctness. Mr. H. M. Blight had no mean task in hand in the baritone solos, which were difficult and high, but he also acquitted himself most creditably, especially in the number, The Lindens Whisper. Miss Dick and Mr. E. W. Schuch sang the alto and bass parts respectively, with very good effect, the music being well suited to their voices. The chorus by Eaton Faning, The Song of the Vikings, was sung by the society with spirit and vigor, and was a suitable conclusion to a very satisfactory concert.

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The purely orchestral numbers were very well rendered, especially Gounod's March Cortege from La Reine de Saba. The Freischnetz Overture is, of course, well known in Toronto, but the Egmont Overture is not so familiar to our concert goers. In both of these numbers the orchestra did exceedingly well, the ponderous themes in the latter being delivered with fine solidity of tone. The orchestra is improving in its work and especially in its tonal qualities, though occasionally a nervous attack or a blurred tone betrays insufficient individual rehearsal. The material is excellent, and the conductor is capable; it only remains for the individuals to remember their loyalty to their undertaking and support the conductor by diligent rehearsing. Mention should be made of Signor D'Auria's fine Hall Caledonia, which had to be repeated, and of Mr. John Bayley's excellent work as *concertmeister*.

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A welcome wave of comic opera is upon us, the first splash of which reached our shore on Monday evening, when the fair Agnes Huntington introduced Paul Jones to a Toronto audience. The lady is a favorite here, and the many who had enjoyed her singing in concert, were excited by a natural desire to see her winning personality in opera. The result was that the Grand Opera House held three magnificent audiences this week. Paul Jones is a clever opera, one of whose chief recommendations is that it is clean and sweet. The music is bright and clever in its conception, but strikes one as falling short of that development which indicates good workmanship. The themes are pleasing, but so frequently break off with a jerk. Planquette has not had a pervading idea to help him with Paul Jones as he had with The Chimes of Normandy, where the dreamy song of the bells dominates over everything. In Paul Jones he has worked in some pretty melodies and some pretty choruses, but the musical continuity is lacking.

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The libretto is excellent, sparkling and bright throughout. I am frequently amused to see the way in which the severe dramatic critics slight a comic opera because, as they say, the plot is flimsy. They forget that those who attend comic opera go to see and hear, and as long as they satisfy this desire to their enjoyment the object of the opera is served without any harrowing suspense, while waiting for dramatic denouements. In Paul Jones there is plenty to see, for it is the most richly costumed opera we have had this season, and the wearers of the costumes are not bad to look at either.

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There are plenty of good things to hear, especially as the conductor—Mr. Alfred J. Caldicott, a clever English musician of more than local reputation—gave us an orchestra to listen to—not the augmented discord of a wheezy piano. Miss Huntington won all hearts as the handsome boy. She does not rely upon the effect produced by a lady singing the part of a youth, but makes her rendition of Paul Jones an honest dramatic effort. Her voice shows rich and full tones, full of a magnetic charm in her lower notes, but I am afraid that the upper registers are slightly impaired by the exertion of singing a part for two years, in which the pert swagger of the youth is apt to tempt the singer to carry her chest voice too high, a fatal mistake. Be that as it may, her Paul Jones is one of the most charming characters given us for many a year. Her support is fair, musically considered, Miss Marguerite Van Breydel as Yvonne being a pleasing singer. The other principals do not show any special excellence in this respect. In the comedy of the opera her support is excellent, the vagaries of Messrs. Mostyn and James as Bonillabaise and Petit Pierre affording continuous amusement, assisted very ably by Miss Vinnie Cassell.

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I had the pleasure of a few minutes' conversation with Miss Huntington and her mother on Tuesday afternoon, during which she expressed her pleasure at singing in Toronto again. She returns on the 27th to England where a new opera house is being built for her on the property of the Marquis of Salisbury, which she expects to open about November 1. She has now sung Paul Jones over four hundred and fifty times, and is quite prepared to sing a new opera, as nights will be supposed. There is a possibility, owing to builders' delays, that she may be able to make a twelve weeks' tour in America in the early autumn, in which case we shall probably see her in her new opera in Toronto. The company left here on Thursday for Buffalo, where her sister Miss Effie Huntington is to be married to-day.

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The time for the appearance here of Charles Santley, is approaching. A thought strikes me, and it is not altogether a pleasant one, this will probably be the last time that many of us will be able to hear the great baritone. He is fifty-six years old, and though his voice and his art are yet such as to command admiration, it is not likely that he will make another trans-Atlantic trip. As the singer of the part of Elijah he is without a peer in the world, and all who have heard him sing this music in England, speak of it as a wonderful work of musical art and reverent expression. He sings this part at the Philharmonic concert on Monday, April 6. METRONOME.

The Drama.

Comic opera is having its innings at the Grand Opera House this week. The Agnes Huntington Comic Opera Company, which played at this house for the first half of the week, attracted large and fashionable audiences, as English companies nearly always do in Toronto. As Miss Huntington was also a favorite in former days, many were anxious to see and hear her since she has become a star of greater magnitude on the operatic stage. As a stage production Paul Jones is very fine. The scenery is excellent, and the costuming variegated, picturesque and pleasing. The company supporting the charming and fascinating prima donna is of a high order of merit and very satisfactory from a histrionic standpoint. As it was essentially a musical event, it will be dealt with in the proper column. The De Wolf Hopper Company opened too late for notice this week.

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Bronson Howard's Shenandoah, which has met with such pronounced success wherever presented, will be produced at the Grand Opera House for a week commencing next Monday. It will be presented with an excellent cast of players, and in the same elaborate manner that characterized its production in London and New York. In this play Mr. Howard has contrived to dramatize a story of the late civil war, without introducing any incident that might justly wound the sensibilities of either Northerner or Southerner. It is described as a comedy with threads of romance beaming through it. The care with which Mr. Howard has done all of his work, the delicate treatment which he has given subjects readily inviting the force of exaggeration, and the fine dramatic instinct which has enabled him to invest his plays with realism, with a series of consecutive stage successes seem to entitle him to consideration as the foremost of American dramatists of this day. The reason that Shenandoah has, and always will draw, crowded houses, is that its every line and situation is full of real human interest. Its story, while not being dramatically powerful, is one that thrills every beholder. There is nothing so stirring to the blood, nothing so rouses the average man, as the sound of martial music, the boom of the cannon and the rattle of musketry. In the last act the war is over, the soldiers are returning home, and the action is in Washington. The lovers are all united, misunderstandings explained and everybody happy. Matinees will be given on Good Friday and Saturday.

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One of the most popular of our local dramatic readers is Mr. S. H. Clark. In connection with Mr. Harold Jarvis and Mrs. S. H. Clark, he gave an evening's entertainment at Sherbourn street Methodist church on Friday evening of last week. Mr. Clarke read a number of selections well calculated to exhibit versatility, and read them all with creditable success. His rendition of The Chariot Race from Ben Hur, evidenced to all who had heard him previously in this selection, that he has made a distinct advance in both his reading and his action. He now succeeds in making very effective and dramatic a selection which the efforts of many inexperienced amateurs have not altogether spoiled. In Macaulay's poem of Horatius—by no means an ideal selection for recital—he was less successful. Mr. Clark, in his efforts at times to be effective, is slightly inclined to rant, and gives the auditor the impression that he has put forth all his energy. He seldom achieves that quiet, forceful, impressive style which is so powerful and yet conveys the idea of an immense reserve force. In comic readings he is very successful. His work is rather irregular, but if he improves in the future as he has done recently he is likely to become a very successful reader. Mr. Jarvis' singing was excellent as usual, and Mrs. Clarke, a comparative stranger in Toronto, was well received.

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On Friday evening of last week Mr. J. W. Bengough, the genial editor of *Grip*, visited Boston, Mass, where he gave one of his famous combination entertainments of chalk, mimicry, recitation and song. In connection with the Star Lecture Course, The Hub gave Mr. Bengough an excellent reception, greeting him with a magnificent audience and enthusiastic press reports. The Boston *Herald* said of him: "To be a humorous lecturer, an opera singer, a comic artist and a popular reciter is a considerable task for any man to impose on himself. That was, however, what Mr. J. W. Bengough, editor of Toronto *Grip*, essayed last night in the Star course entertainment, and he did it very well. The *Globe* comments: "He was a host in himself and kept his hearers in a continual roar." The *Traveller* in its news note said "He sketched, he recited, he sang in a way to delight an audience," and in an editorial adds: "Fortunately for Americans there is no tariff on products brought in the brain and delivered by the tongue." "Johnnie" is popular in the big American towns.

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DRAMATIC NOTES.

Seventeen of the leading New York theaters are presenting bills of comedy or farce at the present time.

Mr. Augustus Pitou's new melodrama, The Power of the Press, had its initial performance at the Star theater, New York, on Monday evening.

It is said that Joe Murphy is to retire from the stage at the end of the present season. Mr. Murphy's long-continued success and unextravagant life have resulted in his becoming a very wealthy man. He is now well up in years and cannot be blamed if he wishes to enjoy the comforts of his years of labor in retirement. But few of the personalities of the American stage will be more missed than he.

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It is an open secret in the dramatic profession that Mrs. Leslie Carter exercises a Cleopatra-like and irresistible influence over the well known play-joiner and stage manager David Belasco. The latter has separated from his former literary partner, H. C. DeMille, and the story is current that his separation from his wife and children is chargeable to Mrs. Carter and her starring tour. At any rate Belasco is known to have thrown himself into the imminent deadly breach as the Carter's financial sponsor.

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When Irving was playing in Faust in New York he made it very realistic by employing a large number of supernumeraries, who alternately appeared as angels and then as imps of darkness. One of the grand scenes is where the imps of darkness descend. At a signal from Mephisto the imps begin to scamper and get down below through a trap. Many had gone down below when a big, fat, fifty-cent-a-night imp started down. He was too large for the trap door and got stuck. In vain he tried to push himself down. An Irishman in the gallery leaned forward and said: "Thank God; hell's full!"

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It is given out from behind the scenes that Bronson Howard has received between $80,000 and $90,000 in royalties on Shenandoah. Of course those who are acquainted with theatrical methods are aware that Mr. Howard's present princely income is due to a combination of things—chief among which are the solid merits of the play and the clever manner in which it has been handled from the managerial point of view. Mr. Howard had a sliding scale contract with the managers, by which he received a certain percentage when the business amounted to $4,000 per week; five per cent. more at $6,000; ten per cent. more at $7,000, and a quarter of the gross receipts whenever the income exceeded $8,000 a week. When the piece made its first success, extra companies were sent out, and they played to patronage limited only by the capacity of the theaters. Every week Mr. Howard's income mounted well into the thousands. At one time the play was running simultaneously in New York, London and Chicago, with two other companies on the road. The author received royalties from five companies at one time. Such an income as this would have seemed incredible to the playwrights of the olden time; in fact, it is almost incredible now.

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Henry Irving, John Hare, Beerbohm Tree, Edward Terry, and other theatre managers of high professional and personal standing are taking the Englishman's customary course in protesting a grievance by writing letters to the newspapers against the proposed legislative act which will give to music halls the right to produce a continuous theatrical entertainment. At present the law in London draws a fine distinction between a theatre and a music hall by permitting the right to the managers of the former of selling liquors in the lobbies only, while the music hall men, presenting what is known as a variety show, may serve drinks in the auditorium. Mr. Irving and his confreres argue that it would be a degradation of the drama if liquor were drunk and cigars smoked in the immediate presence of a complete play, and ask that the music hall managers be held to their present form of entertainment for purely sentimental reasons. It is intimated, even, that if the legislation prevails, theater managers of the less poetic sort will feel the necessity of competing with the music halls and introduce drinking and smoking into their houses. To an outsider not entirely in sympathy with British primogeniturship, the difference between managers who sell liquor in the foyer and those that sell it in the auditorium is not marked, and it would be a little more convincing if these lovers of art for art's sake should ask that the liquor license be revoked entirely from theater managers instead of demanding that men who have waiters to pass it about be restricted to a special class of entertainment. In America it has never been found possible to obtain a liquor license in conjunction with a theatrical one, the nearest approach to doing so being in the case of a concert hall which has no proscenium arch and utilizes a fan instead of a curtain to obscure its stage. In the meantime the strangest and most depressing sight that an American finds in the first-class London theaters is that of men, and often women, drinking whisky between the acts at bars placed on each floor, and presided over by precisely the type of young women that are found in the music halls.

'Varsity Chat.

"Fallen! fallen! fallen! is the Literary Society!" was the wail I heard a graduate utter on Saturday morning last when he read that there were to be no elections this year. The Federal party did not care to go into the fight when the Outside party was successful in shutting out the medical vote and securing a majority of about fifty among the freshmen in arts. A truce has therefore been made for a year when out of the wreck and ruin of past parties a new order of things is expected to arise from which the society will emerge with greater brilliancy than ever. Through the storms of the coming year the officers in command will be: President, H. E. Irwin, B.A.; first vice-president, F. E. Perrin; second vice-president, W. B. Bull; third vice-president, J. D. Webster; recording secretary, J. W. Wheaton; treasurer, J. L. McDougall; curator, V. A. Sinclair; corresponding secretary, C. H. Mitchell; historical secretary, J. W. McIntosh; secretary of committees, F. E. Bigelow; councillors, David Thompson, W. J. Knox, E. E. Reid, A. B. White and W. Gormley. The retiring president, T. A. Gibson, B.A., was renominated by both parties, but he gracefully refused to occupy the office a second time.

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The Theta XI Chapter of the Zeta Psi fraternity held the most successful banquet in its history, at Webb's, on Friday night of last week. This was the twelfth gathering of the kind, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The various toasts were responded to by graduates and undergraduates. The fall of '85 was a stormy one for the Chapter, as the motives of its members were severely criticized by a few of the students, but it has lived on and flourished. At some of the American colleges these chapters form the most important factors in the life of the students.

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President, N. I. Perry; first vice-president, L. Williams; second vice-president, R. G. Murphy; secretary, E. A. Rix; treasurer, P. E. McKenzie; councillors, T. Softley, T. Beaver, W. J. Ecclestone, H. R. A. O'Malley; curator, T. E. Fairchild, are the officers elect of the Wycliffe College Literary Society. During the past year the members bent their energies towards conducting discussions which would be valuable to them in active life, and they are pleased with the results of their efforts.

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Sir Daniel Wilson has not lost any of his aptitude as an antiquarian. After years of persistent watchfulness he has been successful in obtaining for the University the original charter of King's College, the institution out of which, by gradual development, 'Varsity has grown. The document was found among the papers of the late Bishop of Toronto, Rev. Dr. Strachan.

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The annual meeting of the Rugby Football Club was held on Thursday of last week and the following officers were elected: President, D. J. Armour; secretary-treasurer, R. H. Barker; committeemen, F. H. Moss, W. L. McQuarrie, J. McCrae, A. A. Vickers, W. Jones, N. Lash, G. A. Cloyes, W. Gilmour, F. Boyd. The members propose to work with renewed vigor the coming season, and no doubt the team will score a record worthy the game and 'Varsity.

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The Association men also met on Thursday of last week in annual conclave. The past season in which their picked team came out as "champions" of Canada, was reviewed and a renewal of the distinction is looked forward to during the coming season with the following officers to direct all movements: Hon. president, Prof. J. Mark Baldwin, M.A., Ph. D.; vice-president, J. C. Brackenridge; vice-president, B. W. Merrill; secretary, D. M. Duncan; treasurer, A. F. Edwards; curator, A. Jackson; captain, W. P. Thomson, B.A.; councillors, C. S. Wood, R. Hooper, J. C. Warbrick (Med. Coll.), H. A. Little, A. R. Goldie (S. P. S.) W. Tingledach.

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The "engineering class '90" held a banquet last Saturday night at Webb's. E. B. Merrill presided, and letters of regret were read from a number of the members who now occupy responsible positions in the United States and Canada. Songs, speeches and addresses caused the time to pass swiftly and pleasantly and all felt that the "absent ones" had missed a rare treat.

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The Modern Language Club which disports in English, French, German, Spanish and Italian, met on Monday evening and elected its officers for the year 1891-92 as follows: President, H. W. Brown (acclamation); first vice-president, F. B. R. Hellems; second vice-president, Miss Hillock (acclamation); recording secretary, J. A. Baird; corresponding secretary, F. Crosby; councillors, A. L. Lafferty, O. P. Edgar, Miss Lye (acclamation), A. Beattie, Miss McBride (acclamation) and W. Singlebach.

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The past few days have been fruitful of election contests, and many of the students bear their "blushing honors thick upon them."

DRAX ALEEN.

Quite As He Said.

Graves—Look here, Tattler! I just called on Gibbs, and find him to be the same incorrigible sinner he always was. You told me he'd met with a change of heart.

Tattler—So he has.

Graves—What makes you think so?

Tattler—Why, he's been divorced from one wife and married another; considerable change of heart about that, isn't there?—*Boston Courier.*

The Seventh Day.

For Saturday Night.

Morning lies on all the hills, and all the plains are calm,
Sunday morn that seems to breathe the very soul of balm,
The labor-freighted hours are gone, and now I bow my head
For benedictions on the toil that filled the week just dead.

Sunday morn—and with it comes the wish that now I could
Just listen to the old church bell I heard in childhood
Ring from the little chapel where I knelt in early years,
Ere my life had learned of trials, ere my eyes had learned of tears.

Perhaps I'm over tired to-day, perhaps I've not confessed
Some little sin whose weight is lead, but this return of rest
Has touched me with a home-sickness, a fruitless longing for
Just one brief day wherein to be a little child once more;

To run along the narrow path, to climb the little gate
That broke the line of zig-zag fence that bound the old estate,
To wander ankle-deep among the long cut grass that lay
Just where the scythe had toss't it, while it dried to fragrant hay;

To westward see the brown ploughed field in summer fallow lie,
To see my quaintly-fashioned home against the eastward sky,
To feel the placid warmth that fell upon those early hours,
To listen to the mission bell ring from its far off towers.

I wonder if the pathway lies across the meadow still,
And do some other childish feet climb up the dusty hill,
Where stands the holy edifice, where sings a voice divine
Within the bell that calls to-day to other ears than mine.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

Three.

For Saturday Night.

Dimpled darling, dear to me!
Art thou not my destiny?
Grant me but a whispered word,
Just to tell me thou hast heard—
But alas! it cannot be,
I am sixty, she is three.

You will answer? No, not yet,
I cannot bear it, sweet coquette,
Smiled on, frowned on, fickle one,
Now you seek me, now you shun.
But how other could it be
When my sweetheart is but three?

Come my love, O come away!
Fast retreats the fleeing day,
When Phœbus sinks to rest, sweetheart,
Stern fate decrees that we must part,
Oh, cry shame that it should be—
A white-capped tyrant over thee!

Quickly darling! Sol has gone,
Soon thy tyrant stern will come,
Just one kiss before you go
Sweetheart, for I love you so.
Yes Dame Grundy, that may be—
I am sixty, she is three.

She has gone, my wee coquette,
How I love her, saucy pet!
The touch of soft hands lingers still,
The echoes murmur "Yes, I will
'Tis' on till 'no tannot see!'"
Bless the darling, only three.

MABEL MACLEAN HELLIWELL.

The Pneumogastric Nerve.

Upon an average, twice a week,
When anguish clouds my brow,
My good physician friend I seek
To know "what ails me now."
He taps me on the back and chest
And scans by tongue for bile,
And lays an ear against my breast
And listens there awhile.
Then he is ready to admit
That all he can observe
Is something wrong inside, to wit:
My pneumogastric nerve!

Now, when these Latin names within
Dyspeptic hulks like mine
Go wrong, a fellow should begin
To draw what's called the line.
It seems, however, that this same,
Which in my hulk abounds,
Is not, despite its awful name,
So fatal as it sounds.
Yet, of all torments known to me,
I'll say without reserve,
There is no torment like to thee,
Thou pneumogastric nerve!

This subtle, envious nerve appears
To be a patient foe—
It waited nearly forty years
Its chance to lay me low;
Then like some blithering blast of hell
It struck this guileless hard,
And in that evil hour I fell
Prodigious far and hard.
Alas! what things I dearly love—
Pies, puddings and preserves—
Are sure to rouse the vengeance of
All pneumogastric nerves!

Oh, that I could remodel man!
I'd end these cruel pains
By hinting on a different plan
From that which now obtains.
The stomach, greatly amplified,
Anon should occupy
The all of that domain inside
Where heart and lungs now lie.
But, first of all, I should depose
That diabolic curse
And author of my thousand woes,
The pneumogastric nerve. EUGENE FIELD.

Her Fifteen Minutes.

At exactly fifteen minutes to eight
His step was heard at the garden gate.

And then, with heart that was light and gay,
He laughed to himself in a jubilant way,

And rang the bell for the maiden trim
Who'd promised to go to the play with him;

And told the servant with joyous air,
To say there was fifteen minutes to spare.

And then for fifteen minutes he sat
In the parlor dim, and he held his hat,

And waited and sighed for the maiden trim
Who'd promised to go to the play with him;

Until, as the clock overhead struck eight,
He wondered: "Great scott! is it getting late;"

And he took a turn on the parlor floor,
And waited for fifteen minutes more;

And swore to himself in a dubious way
And thought of those seats in the front parquet,
And midnight came, and the break of day;

That day and the next, and the next one, too,
He sat and waited the long hours through.

Then time flew on and the years sped by,
And still he sat, with expectant eye

And lengthening beard, for the maiden trim
Who'd promised to go to the play with him;

Until one night, as with palsied hand
He sat in the chair, for he couldn't stand,

And drummed in an aimless way, she came
And opened the door with her withered frame.

The moon's bright rays touched the silvered hair
Of her who had fifteen minutes to spare.

And then in tones that he strained to hear
She spoke, and she said: "Are you ready, dear?"

—*N. Y. Sun.*

Noted People.

The Prince of Wales likes a piece of Gorgonzola cheese with a crust of home made bread.

The eldest daughter of Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus") is going to Italy to study art.

The clever English novelist, A. Conan Doyle, is a physician, and writes in the intervals of his practice.

The little crown prince of Siam has won a prize in a story competition. Here is one prince with some brains.

The Emperor of Austria sent the German Empress a diamond set which cost fifteen thousand dollars, as a gift in celebration of her infant's christening.

The Duchess d'Uzes, who spent a fortune in bolstering up the Boulangist party, has been ill in Paris with fever and ague contracted during a recent sojourn in Rome.

Prince Nicholas of Montenegro has notified the Porte of his intention of paying a visit to the Sultan in the coming spring. He will be accompanied by a numerous retinue and will be the guest of Abdul Hamid.

The reports that the Empress Charlotte of Mexico is in failing health, have been contradicted. She takes long walks daily in the park of her country house at Laeken, and lunches and dines with the chief members of her suite.

The German Emperor has been nicknamed "The Flying Dutchman" ("der fliegende Hollaender") by the wits of Berlin. He is also called the "Travel Emperor" ("Reise Kaiser"), because of his liking for taking flying trips throughout the empire.

General Sherman had four daughters. The eldest, Eleanor, is the wife of Lieutenant Thackara of the United States Navy, and another is the wife of Mr. T. W. Fitch of Pittsburg. The two younger daughters, Lizzie and Rachel, are unmarried.

The walls of Lady Randolph Churchill's London drawing-room are hung in pale gold, the window draperies reproduce the same tints, the floor is of light colored wood, highly polished, and the furniture is all of the Louis XVI. period, displaying much gilding.

Miss Alice Bronte, the youngest sister of the Rev. Patrick Bronte, and aunt of Charlotte, Emily and Anne Bronte, has lately died in Ireland, at the age of ninety-five years. She was the last of the Bronte family, although Mr. Nichols, Charlotte's husband, is still living.

King Alexander of Servia, who is now about fifteen years of age, and who succeeded to the Servian throne on the abdication of his father, King Milan, March 6, 1889, is said to be suffering from a dangerous chronic malady, which fact the regents, MM. Ristitch, Belimarkovitch, and Protitch, keep as secret as possible.

Mrs. Harrison has been called the best housekeeper that the White House has known since President Arthur's day. She has lately had a large linen closet built in the space behind the elevator, where bedding, towels and table linen are kept in sweet freshness. The initials "U. S." are worked on every article, in white linen floss. The supply of table linen has been greatly increased since Mrs. Harrison came to the White House.

Mr. Rider Haggard's friends are in deep sympathy over the blow he and Mrs. Haggard have sustained in the loss of their only boy during his parents' absence in Mexico. "Jock," as he was called, was the idol of his father and mother, and Mr. Haggard was never so pleased as when he was devising plans for the boy's future. He was a child of great promise, of singular and even precocious talent, and with many accomplishments.

Mr. Henry Savage Landor, the artist, who recently made a professional trip through remote and savage districts of Japan, is the grandson of Walter Savage Landor. He penetrated as far as Yezo, the extreme northern limit of the Japanese Empire; and during his journey, which occupied over four months, he was subjected to much privation and even to dangers; but he secured three hundred sketches and a great deal of valuable information.

Mrs. William Astor is said to possess the finest collection of set and unset jewels in the United States. She has a special fancy for diamonds. Every year a portion of this lady's splendid income is devoted to the purchase of laces and jewels. Mrs. Astor is collecting diamonds for a necklace the like of which, when it is finished, cannot be found on either side of the Atlantic. Her object is to discover twenty large and almost flawless stones, that will be strung on a gold wire by holes drilled through them. Lapidaries despair of accomplishing her desire, and not very long since she suffered a great loss. A pink diamond, valued at $22,000, was brought to her for inspection. She secured it, and decided to have this perfect pear-shaped stone form the pendant to hang from the rope of jewels. A hole was ordered to be drilled in the tapering point, and, by infinite care the cutter had almost perfected his work when the rare jewel split.

A fact but little known is that, besides Lord Kingsale and Lord Forester, there is another individual who has the curious prerogative of remaining covered in the presence of the Sovereign—namely, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Anent this a curious anecdote has been narrated which we will quote. A superstition prevails concerning the necessity for exercising the right or losing it altogether, so when on a certain occasion the Queen visited Cambridge University, the then well-known and highly popular Master of Trinity kept his hat on during the proceedings. The Queen apparently did not notice the circumstance and the master began to feel uncomfortable. At length, just as Her Majesty was about to depart, he deferentially approached, and said: "Your Majesty has perhaps wondered that I should appear so far wanting in respect as to keep my hat on all day, but—er—perhaps it has escaped your Majesty's memory that Lord Kingsale in Ireland, Lord Forester in England, and also the Master of Trinity have a right to keep their hats on in the presence of their Sovereign." "Quite so—ahem—but not in the presence of a lady," was the freezing rejoinder.

The R. C. Academy's Exhibition.

AMONG the oils which I omitted last week might be mentioned three pieces by Mrs. Dignam, Poppies, The Empty Nest and Happy Hours. In these are some delicate and beautiful color, and a rare knowledge and treatment of some phases of nature. Mr. Wickson's Bensville Smithy is no credit to him. Mr. J. R. Seavey's studies in still life are more literal than artistic. Missed the Way by Mr. W. Cutts, would not suffer if he eliminated the figures. The Silurian Gates of Elora by Mr. Arthur Cox may be interesting from a local point of view but not much can be said for it as a work of art.

The exhibit of water colors is in many respects admirable and while there is nothing to equal the vigor and freshness of John Fraser's work in the May exhibition, there are a great many pieces hung that are of splendid merit. Some of Mr. L. R. O'Brien's pictures are excellent and, I think, in some respects superior in treatment to much of his former work. It is more difficult, however, to note change in the character of work done by a landscape painter than in figure painting. Some of the most striking to me are the The Stour and West Gate, Canterbury, a delightful bit of quaint old English town, and September Equinox. Of the latter subject I can speak from experience, and I think he has caught the spirit of a Canadian landscape in those conditions very perfectly. The air is "raw" and damp, as is denoted by a distant shower slanting to the earth. Everything betokens windiness and the ungenerous atmosphere of a late September day. In his painting of Windsor is much excellent work. The Valley of the Montmerency is a good Canadian piece. His other pictures are After the Gale, At the Harbor's Mouth, and Sixteenth Century Rye, Sussex. The latter is not in a bottle, but is another picturesque fragment of old English landscape.

Mr. M. Matthews is to be congratulated on his work for this exhibition. I am not a great admirer of mountain landscapes, but I consider his Mount Macdonald one of the best I have ever seen. The Hermit Glacier, from the same brush, is an effective representation of mountain scenery. Less rugged, but even more pleasing, are Rest at Evening, The Old Willow Bed and Oaks in Wychova Park. Mr. Matthews renders foliage and bark excellently. Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith still runs to mountain scenery, although one of his most attractive pictures—perhaps not the best painted—is Break, break, break on thy cold grey stones, O Sea! A Valley in Gloom is a very taking picture, as is also Mount Angus at Sunset. A Rocky Mountain Valley and Lake Louise contain some good color. Evening in Trinity Bay looks rather overworked. Mr. F. McGillivray Knowles' work has attracted to itself much attention. Mr. Knowles is evidently not afraid of his color, at any rate, and some of his pictures appear almost too bright. This is a failing that "leans to Virtue's side," however, in water colors. His work is broad and pure, and there is genuine sunshine in some of his pictures. He is about the only artist in the exhibition who has given us a figure subject in water colors. There is still room for considerable improvement in his figure drawing. His Are You Ready, Lads? which shows a number of fishermen hauling up a boat, Noon, North Bay, Percee, At Low Tide and Early Morning are all striking pictures with some faults and many good points.

Mr. C. M. Manly's English landscapes are another attractive group. A Hidden Stream and A Wide, Wide Moor are both pretty little bits of color, fresh and interesting. The Last of the Leaves is in many respects a capital study of rocks and autumn foliage. In the Heart of the Hills is another interesting landscape relieved with cattle. I cannot confess to being well pleased with Mr. Henry Sandham's Water Babies. It would make a charming decorative subject if carefully worked out. Mr. George Bruenech exhibits a number of coast scenes, which are rather attractive. Near Wolfe Cove, Quebec, is rather wooly and contains some poor drawing but is fairly good in its general effect. On the Coast, Maine, is more crisp in treatment. The Toilers of the Sea will also commend itself to many. Mr. J. T. Rolph is represented by a number of small landscapes of local scenery chiefly in and around the city. All of these are very fair bits of painting, though none are of startling excellence. Mr. T. Mower Martin's Sunset, Lake Simcoe, is a charming bit of work and much ahead of some of his more ambitious efforts. Mr. F. A. Verner exhibits a number of pictures, Buffaloes, Twilight and Ogeblanna Wigwams. There is an absence of crispness and drawing in all of these. Mr. D. Fowler's aged hand is still vigorous, as is attested by his Snowdon from Lynn Gwinnant, Sunshine and Shadow and a number of other pictures. Mr. W. D. Blatchley shows a few clever bits of landscape, one of which, The Vale of Avoca, Rosedale, well represents a charming scene in our local landscape. A Sketch at Guelph by A. E. Boultbee is crisp and and washy. E. May Martin's work is improving. Her By the Lake, Muskoka shows promising work. Mr. Henry Martin's Prout's Neck, Maine, exhibits some good rock and water painting. His Cottage at Barbizon is rather colorless. Mr. Hannaford's On the Dart, Devonshire, is commendable. Colin A. Scott shows a landscape containing good work. Mr. R. F. Gagen is represented by a view at Nassau, Bahama Islands. An Autumn Hillside, by Jno. W. H. Watts is very fair, as is also Hay Boats, River St. John, by Jno. C. Miles. Mr. Wm. Revell shows some excellent fruit. Mr. J. H. Seavey's Head is his most artistic work. I cannot admire Mr. Forshaw Day's mountain pictures, nor Mr. T. H. Wilkinson's paintings in Muskoka and Parry Sound. Mr. Seymour G. R. Penson exhibits a creditable bit of work in the Bridge at the Narrows.

The small collection of architectual designs, while containing much skilful work is not of so much interest to the average observer. In most of this work the firm name is given instead of that of the individual artist so that the artist does not get the credit for his skill. In the midst of this architectural work is a design for a diploma for the Conservatory of Music which is admirable. It is done by Mr. A. H. Howard, whose work as an artist-designer it seems to me rarely receives the consideration its merit deserves. Mr. Howard's ability in this particular line of work is such as to place him in the very front rank of decorative artists. Not only his more important work, but all his work exhibits a thorough knowledge of his subject, guided by intelligence and excellent taste. Among other excellent work in this room might be noticed the Etching in Brass by R. Weir Crovch.

In Sculpture Mr. Hamilton Mac Carthy stands alone. His bust of Mr. L. R. O'Brien seems to me to be not only the best in this collection, but the best he has done for some time. It is an excellent likeness and is vigorously modelled. His bust of a Lady is very good.

In this somewhat extended review of a large collection of pictures, I have tried to be critical without being brutal. In my opinions I have, doubtless, differed from many of my readers, but this is inseparable from individualism. Perhaps I have, in cases, been over-lenient, but I am heartily in sympathy with the artists and think that they usually put ten times as much thought on their work as the critic does who judges it. Many of them have put close study and hard toil into their pictures and have been still unsatisfied. These do not require much outside criticism to spur them on. Others have put less thought and less work into their pictures and have been satisfied. These are the men and women who, I hope, will feel some of my sentences grate on their super-sensitive nerves. They need it and the journals can often tell them what their friends shrink from doing. Great artists are made, not injured, by criticism. The fragile Keatses and Chattertons are scarce in the Royal Canadian Academy. I am sensible of having devoted to some of the works on these walls, much less attention than they deserve. Such pictures as Mr. Reid's, Mr. Fraser's, Mr. Watson's, Mr. Harris's and others are not to be adequately disposed of in a few lines, but I have passed them over in order to cover the whole ground. Their pictures will speak for themselves, while less important and smaller ones will not. And these men probably require less criticism than those who are not so successful. Though my conscience would not permit me to make the remark one artist made, "There is not a bad picture on the walls," still I feel that the collection as a whole represents a great deal of able and even brilliant work; and if the present vigorous movement in art is kept up, it will not be very long before the exhibitions of the Canadian Academy will excite more than a local and ephemeral interest.

VAN.

A Dream of the Sea.

A farmer lad in his prairie home
Lay dreaming of the sea;
He ne'er had seen it, but well he knew
Its pictured image and Heavenly hue;
And he dreamed he swept o'er its waters blue,
With the winds a-blowing free,
With the winds so fresh and free.

He woke! and he said: "The day will come
When that shall be truth to me;"
But as years swept by him he always found
That his feet were clogged and his hands were bound,
Till at last he lay in a narrow mound,
Afar from the sobbing sea,
The sorrowing, sobbing sea.

Oh, many there are on the plains to-night
That dream of a voyage to be,
And have said to their souls: "The day will come
When my bark shall sweep through the drifts of foam."
But their eyes grow dim and their lips grow dumb,
Afar from the tossing sea,
The turbulent tossing sea.

—Detroit Free Press.

A Schoolboy's Story.

IT is evident that our host likes Buffy, although the lad is a sad pickle. "Your turn now, Buffy," said he, "tell us a story if you know one."

"Buffy does not know anything except wickedness," said his master, Pet, majestically. Florry Bligh, who was Buff's sweetheart, smiled.

"Yes, I do!" retorted the boy indignantly. "I know all about Old Grimes."

"Give us Old Grimes by all means," said our host.

"Very well," said Buffy.

"The first half I went to Wigs' there was a man in the fifth form that took no end of a fancy to me, because he said that I was like a little brother he once had, only the little brother was a good and pious child and he did not think that I was, and, besides, my complexion and features were different. Wigs' name was not Wigs, but Rev. Lucius Swish, but we called him Wigs because he was always a-wigging us. Well, this man in the fifth was a long, weedy chap—"

"Try to talk English, boy," remarked Pet sweetly.

"I can't—besides, girls don't know anything," retorted Buffy. "Well, this fellow was always drawing queer, three-cornered figures on his slate with a compass and a two-foot rule, that he said was plans of battles. This dotted line, he would say, was the French under Napoleon, or Ney, or some of those swells, and if you brought down your artillery through this defile you would knock them into a cocked hat in no time. His real name was Beaumarchais, regular old high family, and right mad he was when we first began to call him Grimes. I don't know why we first did it, but one day we set a baby newcomer that was too small to lick, to say to him, "Please Mr. Grimes, would you sharpen my pencil?" and he laughed good humoredly and said we might call him what we pleased. So ever afterwards we called him Old Grimes.

"Oh he came of high people, did Old Grimes, I promise you. And the chambermaid at the school was called Mary, and he was in love with her. She was a big, red-cheeked thing, that said she could lift a barrel of flour without John Thomas—he was the footman—to help her. Grimes always gave her half a crown when he got his monthly allowance, and we all of us supposed that was why she said she loved him so, but it couldn't be that, you know, for she said she loved Robinson, senior, when he brought her a ribbon from the fair."

Here Buffy's sister and Florry exchanged glances.

"Grimes used often to talk to me about her. One Saturday half-holiday he assembled the whole school and said that he had now made up his mind to marry Mary, and if anyone so much as looked at her he would knock their heads off. After this, of course, nothing could be said. He told me that he would like to be a soldier as his father was, and then Mary would be a general's wife and have a right to sauce Mrs. Wigs instead of Mrs. Wigs saucing her. But his old governor had ridiculous notions about high alliances and that kind of stuff, and would not give his sanction. All the same, Grimes said he would marry her, and if the governor refused his consent would sell the old gold ticker that his grandfather gave him, and hire a cottage and go in for gardening, and Mary could go to market and sell the cabbages and things while he stayed at home and went on with his mathematics. When they had saved a little money they would buy a cow, and Mary could make butter and eggs and cheese and custards and sell them, and he had no doubt their life would be very happy. He was sorry for one thing, though—as a married man he could not, of course, go into the army and expose his wife to the hardships of a camp.

"Soon after this the postman knocked at the school door and handed to Wigs a letter addressed to 'Edward Beaumarchais, Esq. On Her Majesty's service.' We all wondered what Her Majesty could have to say to Old Grimes, but it soon appeared that some of his high relations had got him an appointment to Sandhurst, and that he was to enter the army. The whole school obtained leave to see him off, and at the railway restaurant he treated us all to so much bottled ale and mutton pies that we all felt seedy next morning, and little Popkins had to take two doses of calomel, by order of Dr. Bolus' assistant.

"Two halfs passed, and at the Christmas holidays Wigs invited us all to the annual feed he gives at that season, telling us we would meet with an old acquaintance. Sure enough, the door opened and there walked slowly in a tall, straight young man with a brown streak on his lip, where a mustache was coming, and dressed to kill in a scarlet coat and buttons, with a sword dragging behind him on the carpet. O glory! it was Old Grimes. Mary coming in at that moment with a tray of plum cake, nearly let it fall as she exclaimed: 'Lor', Capting Bummer-cheese, can this be you?' Grimes could see as well as you or me, but he took a little eyeglass that hung around his neck and gazing solemnly at her drawled: 'Haw, Ma'wy, how daw doo?'"

Pet and Florence laughed heartily—in fact we all laughed. Buffy's imitation of the unfledged military swell was so irresistibly comic.

"It did not seem a long time after that when Wigs came into the classroom, looking as white as a sheet, with a newspaper in his hand, from which he read aloud: 'At Suakim, bravely leading the advance, Lieutenant Edward Beaumarchais—killed.' We were all sorry for Old Grimes. And by that evening's mail Robinson senior wrote to his widowed mother that he intended to run away and enlist in the Dorsetshire Regiment, so that he could get a cut at the Arabs that used up Old Grimes."

HUNTER DUVAR.

The Course of True Love, Etc., Etc., Etc.

Lady—Well, little girl, what do you want?

Little Girl (with hesitancy)—If yer please, 'm, your son, Johnny, an' me's got engaged, an' Johnny's got me to come an' tell you, mum, 'cause he didn't want to get spanked an' put to bed if he tole you hisself!—*Scribner's Magazine.*

Conscientious.

Norah—Oi'm sorry to say, sor, thot Miss Giddy isn't at home.

Mr. Colde (facetiously)—Why are you sorry, Norah?

Norah—Because, sor, it's the biggest shtory Oi ever towld in me life.—*Puck.*

Books and Magazines.

Mrs. Mayburn's Twins by John Habberton (T. B. Paterson & Bros., Philadelphia) is a laughable account of a busy mother's day. From the time that the baby twisted her mother's lashes, trying to open the lids, until the husband and father fled to his club because the babies wanted their mother to settle disputes and hear their prayers, the commonplace day of a common-place woman is carefully depicted. One laughs immoderately at the ludicrous complication, but there are heart-passages which bring those smiles that are indeed akin to tears. Other popular books recently published in cheap form by the above firm are Love's Labor Won by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, and The Old Homestead by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

St. John (N. B.) *Progress* has recently been enlarged by the addition of a number of pages of interesting general matter and illustrations. *Progress* is a breezy, chatty, weekly paper right up to the times in its style, and well deserves the prosperity which seems to attend it.

The Maple Leaf is the title of a new publication in pamphlet form, which purports to be the only amateur magazine in Canada. It is published by the Star Publishing Co., 9 Toronto street, and its object seems to be to give inexperienced writers a chance to get into print, and to give them the benefit of experienced criticism. Success to *The Maple Leaf.*

The Bud's Grievance.

Some time and in some fashion the young unwedded woman will be called upon to make a decided stand against the invasion of the matron upon her special province. There is scarcely place left now for the sole of her slipper between the school-room and strip of carpet before the matrimonial altar. She is simply driven into a corner and told to marry at once, or lay down her passport into realms of social gayety. This arrogance of the married woman concerning her monopoly of society amusements, is more intolerable than trade union tyrannies. She won't hear to having unpaired blades brought into competition with her attractions. If they choose to chime it must be with a conjugal clapper, and not as merry, independent tinklers, ringing a distracting little tune of unmated friskiness. Girls are still permitted to have *debuts*, but even on those great occasions the young matron steps in, and, by right of double blessedness, takes all the cakes and ale. The shy, sweet miss is left to cut a poor figure indeed. And so on, from first to last; the married woman opens the ball, leads the German, occupies the opera boxes, demands all the dinner invitations, fills the victoria, receives at the tea, thereby squeezing the girl into such a small corner, no one is ever able to find her behind madam's overcrowded engagement-book. Mrs. Benjamin Harrison has instituted a demand for the restoration of the American maiden as she existed before European customs came to smother her light under the bushel of an artificial society. Not many years ago Uncle Sam's virgin daughter was the pride of the nation. Her girlish wit and independence, her innocent carlessness, her jollity, shrewdness, and beauty were the toast of the civilized world, and with impunity did she set her proud feet on the hearts of mankind. Men admired and reverenced her, for here, they said, is a new order of woman. Untrammelled by the obligations of wife and motherhood, she is free to accept our entire devotion; with the discretion and knowledge of the matron she combines the freshness of a maiden. Heretofore this union was held to be impossible, and she has realized man's ideal. But, alas! whence has this clear-eyed goddess of girlish liberty fled away? To find her now one must search Western wilds or Southern recesses, for we know her no more. Her star paled before the glory of an imported matronly planet, that wheeled up out of a foreign firmament, and claimed the field as her own. Young America has ever been a fine fighter, and it remains to be seen whether girls will let themselves be danced back in the shadow, or, snatching the crown from the usurper's head, once more wear it as the leal and true queen of love and beauty.—*Illustrated American.*

Cork-Worms.

Investigation in France proves the existence of two or three types of moths in wine-cellars. The grubs feed on the fungoid growth that forms on the wine vats and moldy corks. The insect bores and forms galleries in the cork nearest to the glass, and through the holes thus formed air gains access to the wine, spoiling it.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* says: "Our chief difficulty in bottling wines has been in obtaining a supply of perfect corks. At least twenty-five per cent. of corks, after examination for fitness, are rejected. An examination of several bins was made at the vineyards, and it was found that the corks were perforated, and in some cases the wine oozed through them. Now we are trying a method to stop the insects from these grubs. After soaking the corks in hot water and then in brandy they are dried, and when they are put into the bottles the tops are coated with a layer of paraffine wax previous to sealing them with ordinary wax. We hope by the use of the paraffine compound to stop the ravages of these insects. Neither the grubs nor insects feed upon the wine, but simply use the cork as a place to deposit their eggs, and the coating may possibly prevent their entrance."

In Self-defence.

Jones (who has told his best story, and been rewarded with a gentle smile.)—Upon my word, women haven't got the real sense of humor! Why, when I heard that story for the first time, only last week, I simply roared!

Miss Smith—So did I—only it was last year!—*Punch.*

THE STAIN OF THE GLASS

By JEAN KATE LUDUM.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER THE TRIAL.

And as through this blur and confusion of mind—through the death like silence over the crowded room—through the glimmer of snow—out of all this Hilton knew that he was—not guilty.

After that, silence for one instant, and then—what a shout went up from the crowd. They were moved with the fickleness of the wind; their hearts and sympathy were with the man who stood in the prisoner's dock, found to be charged with a crime of which he was—not guilty.

In the midst of this excitement, Roy Hilton stepped from the dock once more a free man, and many pressed about him to congratulate him, and, among these, his friends were first. Some of these scarcely recognized the pale, haggard, stern-faced man who came through this trial so changed. For up to that time his life had been full of all that makes life good to hold, and this deadly cloud was the first to overshadow him.

Whitney, knowing how much he was suffering through the struggle to command himself, came down and made his way through the crowd. He drew Roy's arm through his and turned with him toward the door, forcing a way quietly but steadily through the crowd pressing, some with curiosity, some with kind words, about the man such a few minutes before standing with the balance swaying for life or death. He uttered no words of congratulation, but replied to the men and the earnest friends pressing around his client, but ere the young man was aware, they had passed the doors and were again in the open air under the late November sky—and he was free.

"Frank," he said, and his voice was hoarse in his effort for control, and from the excitement through which he had passed during the weeks of confinement. "Frank, who are they—those two women in the gallery? I saw them there. You promised me that she should be kept away, and yet she is here—she saw and heard all that passed—the spectators and that staring windows with their interminable panes—and the rustling of the leaves—

His friend laughed with assumed lightness, still drawing the other with him to the steps and toward the closed carriage in waiting.

"Of what are you talking, Roy!" he asked, and though his voice was steady, there was a deep shadow upon his face and eyes. "You speak in riddles, my dear fellow. What have you to do with these women we have seen at bear the latest bit of gossip? The carriage is here, come. There is a train due in a half-hour and we must take it, and—

But the young man would not be put off. He scarcely heard the other's words. His eyes were restlessly searching the faces about him. Then, as Whitney would have drawn him within the waiting carriage, he drew back impatiently, and the old fire returned to his eyes, as he met squarely the eyes of his friend.

"You would be kind, Frank," he said slowly, as though to speak were new to him. "You think I am blind, perhaps. I saw those women. You used not expostulate with me, I have eyes and—a heart! Helen is here somewhere! It was she dressed in black—as though I were dead and she a widow! That this should have fallen upon me, and my wife be forced to come to my trial as though it were rather my burial! That they keep her from me, as though I were some polluted thing not fit for her to draw near to! Where is she, Whitney! I must speak with her!"

His eyes were wild, his voice hoarse and unnatural; his hands were clenched at his side as though he would master some powerful passion that could bring nothing but ill, should once it master him.

His friend, for one instant, was silent, unable to meet his swift words. Was this the young man's proud heart and great love for his wife. He knew—and so he had known from the first—that Helen Hilton was in that crowded court-room, with the power in her own ears the decision for or against her husband. He had done his best to keep her away—knowing how it would round his friend—but the woman would hear nothing. That she was as nearly crazed by this blow to her husband's honor as he was himself, he saw clearly enough, and he dared not have the command to be taken where she might at least know how the law went with the man she loved.

She came down that morning with her truest friend. She could never have been recognized by her own mother in the shrouding garments she wore, but the quick eyes of her husband pierced her disguise, and the pain his friend would have spared him, his wife, whom he loved, had laid upon his proud heart.

Perhaps, the one soul, striking like a cry upon the great silence of the crowded room, had come from her—from the lips of the woman he loved! It must have gone hard with her to sit through what passed during the long hours of the trial! It must have been worse than death for her, so proud and loving, to sit in the stifling room and see and hear what she saw and heard!

He could not go away without seeing her! Some strange fatality seemed to fall upon him and warn him of what should be the outcome of this trial. He had been too happy, he whispered to himself, through so long, and fate would try him if he were strong enough to bear more trial! Some great sorrow was hanging over him, he knew as well as though the future had been laid bare before him, as he stood beside the carriage with his friend. There had come to him the conviction that he was to be proved through other eyes than this outcome of circumstantial evidence that had laid for a time the stain upon him of his rival's death.

To think that his wife—the proud, pure, beautiful woman who had given herself so gladly to his care when he asked of her her love and the return of his own—to think that she must sit in that gallery and listen to what they said about her husband, the man she loved with even more power, if it were possible, than his for her. To think that she should have mingled with that crowd of gossips and curiosity seekers, and be brought to know she had been one among them at a time when she should have been so far away as the world could place her—from his disgrace!

"As she is here, and you did not keep your promise to me, Frank Whitney, I must see her. I must and will speak with her, and tell her how false this is; that it is only the strangeness of circumstantial evidence that placed me in the prisoner's dock, with the world at liberty to speak of me as it pleased; with its power to wound her and place her under the same cloud as that laid upon her husband—unjustly, indeed, but still shadowing his honor and here."

What could Whitney do, when he would have given a good ten years of his life to spare this friend of his sorrow and humiliation? How could he force his friend to accede to his command and go with him, when he knew as well as the other that his wife was among this crowd, that she must come out ere many minutes, and there would be no hope of his keeping them apart, said so sparing both the pain of meeting in that place.

"If you are certain that your wife is here, Roy," he said, quietly, under his breath, that the curious eyes about us may not see and know nothing of what they spoke, "it will be better for us to go at once to the station, and there wait for her. She will, undoubtedly, take the next train down to the city, for she will not be anxious to remain here longer than necessary, any more than myself. To meet her or speak with her here, where all of these people can know, would but place her in an awkward position."

Roy's eyes were upon his face, and the fire within them burned down to his very soul, as though he would prove whether or not this man who had so far been his good friend was to be trusted in his heart's happiness. Then he turned with him toward the carriage as quietly as though his heart were not beating madly and painfully.

"Undoubtedly you are right, Frank," he said, slowly, his hand trembling as he laid it upon the carriage door ere entering, for the confinement and sorrow had changed him terribly in the eyes of this warmest of all his many friends. "You are always thoughtful of such appearances. I would that no stain laid upon her, or allow any one to know that my wife—my wife—sat in that room to-day."

The bitterness of the last words cut upon his hearer's heart. As they were rolling away toward the depot Whitney laid one hand upon his companion's arm, and leaning forward looked steadily in his flashing eyes. The pity and pain in his own in some way touched the young man's passionate rebellion.

"Roy, my dear fellow," he said, quietly and steadily, his hand pressed down upon the strong arm under his side as though he would impress him with his truth and sympathy. "My dear fellow, such words from you regarding the woman who loves you should never be uttered by other lips. You know as well as I that it was her warm heart and her pity that brought her here to-day, and not the idle curiosity of those others."

"But she should have obeyed my wish and remained away, where the disgrace of seeing me there—the disgrace of the idle curiosity waiting to know whether or not the law would say that an innocent man should bear the punishment circumstantial evidence alone had laid upon him—should not have touched her. How could she wish to see me in such a false position—she, the woman I love and who has loved me as well—me, tried for the murder of her old lover!"

"You are not yourself, Roy," his friend answered, in the same tone, as the face at the window of the carriage as they passed quickly along the street, where the threatened rain was at last falling, making the day dull and dark as the mood of his friend, "I do not ask you not to talk upon this subject now. We might both of us say that for which we would be sorry when days and nights had passed by."

But Roy Hilton was not so to be quieted. He had been too long forced back upon himself to silence, struggle as he would, he commanded the restless cry against this that had come upon him at the very threshold of life!

"I cannot remember always the after remorse of which you speak, Frank!" he cried, restlessly, his eyes now upon the other's face, now turned upon the dreary rain darkening the carriage-window. "I have sometimes felt, truly, without this knowledge that my wife descends to witness her husband's degradation! I should have spared her and thrown aside her disguise, and made her suffer, too, the bitterness which was upon me! If she would follow me here when it was my express wish that she should not do so, why should she not be made to bear with me the limit of my disgrace—

"You are excited, Roy," Mr. Whitney said, gravely. "You are too much excited to have entered the woods with us. There is not a question of that in the mind of any one listening to your trial."

"But I know better!" exclaimed Roy, fiercely, turning his eyes upon the kind face beside him. "I tell you, Frank Whitney, a man cannot bear what I have borne and come out without a hint always lingering with him of what he has been made unjustly to suffer. These three weeks of imprisonment have changed me as, perhaps, you do not realize, can never again go among my friends without feeling that this goes with me. Do you think I do not realize, as you cannot do, what it must come from it? They say I am not guilty—and before God they speak the truth—but the bewildered brain of me believed me guilty until the jury found me otherwise, and that even yet there is uncleared evidence against me which must cloud my life!"

What could Frank Whitney reply? He knew that it was true that to Roy's proud sense of honor the memory of those three weeks behind prison walls, even though these walls softened to a room in the sheriff's house, would ever cloud his life. But this was not Roy Hilton; this man crying against life and fate, and uttering words of harsh judgment against the woman he loved! The trial had done more than wound his heart; perhaps—who knew!—it had touched his mind as well!

"Well!" the lawyer knew not what to say, but he felt that neither of them could endure the silence that must ensue if this argument ceased. "We are at the depot, Roy. We will wait in the ladies' room for your wife. She will not be long behind us. The train is due in five minutes. Thank Heaven we have escaped the crowd and will get away quietly."

Roy did not reply, but left the carriage and entered the station like one in a dream. Should his wife come upon him, there and so, it would wound her loving heart, as, perhaps, he did not comprehend!

How swiftly the seconds ticked themselves away on the great clock upon the blank wall! One, two, three minutes passed, and, although they seemed little to the waiting man, yet, when they were gone and those for whom they waited did not appear, the flight of time seemed cruel.

Hark! a bell and high, like the scream of some mad monster, rang out the whistle upon the dull, damp, dark air! It was clanging and rattling along the dull and heavy ears as though a human heart were but pastime under its mighty wheels. Again and yet again the piercing scream of its iron throat struck the dull air into quivering reverberation, dying along the woods dank with the coming rain and fading off along the hills as though to mock the suffering of the heart whose bitterness had come through the gray November woods where a dead man lay face downward upon the snow!

"The train is coming, Roy," the lawyer said, turning quietly to his companion, a swift light as of relief flashing in his eyes. "Come, my dear fellow. When once we have left this place behind us we shall forget there ever was such a thing in the world as man's injustice!"

Roy shook his head, smiling bitterly. The smile his face was dull and deep, his eyes were restless and wild; he looked like a man walking in some feverish dream, not knowing where he had come or how it happened that so he was there.

Frank Whitney, meeting this peculiar expression in his eyes, started involuntarily across the crossed, without a sign of haste, to where the other still paced to and fro with those fiercely clenched hands on his back. He laid his hand in some authority upon his shoulder and spoke distinctly as one might address a child.

"It is time, Roy—we go, Roy," he said. "The train is here. Come."

Roy looked at him through the fiery haze upon his mind and heart, as though the memory of who this friend was—who his wife was from him. Then he shook his head. The one predominant thought could not be drowned even by fever brain.

"I shall wait for Helen," he said. "I cannot go until my wife comes. I promised to wait, you know."

For an instant the other fell back, biting his lips as though to silence any rash word. Then he forced himself to smile as one would smile upon a child to win its yielding.

"Helen has gone, Roy. You have forgotten. She is to meet you at home, you remember. She will not come here. If we miss this train, she will fear some accident has come to you. Let us go."

Still that dogged one idea in the brain that was fast yielding to the influence of the fever that had so slowly but surely creeping upon the strong man during the confinement and excitement. He shook his head and drew back from the strong, kind hand upon his arm.

"I promised to wait for her here, you know. I couldn't go, really, till she comes. She was—there, you know—and I said I would not go without her. It would be cruel for me to go after she came so far to hear what they should say of me—her husband!" He laughed low and half vacantly.

His friend looked the other said, with a great pity in his heart, was what had so changed the man before him. This was the cause of his strange, madly at times, manner he would have died for, to spare her one hour's sorrow. This was what had come so near bringing the trial to a bad ending, through his client's strange lack of comprehension when made to answer his charge.

But there was no time to spare if they would take this train home, and he would do much to get his friend away before his wife should come. So he smiled steadily into the burning eyes opposite him, and said, with forced lightness:

"What a fellow you are, Roy! Helen would laugh should she hear you. Surely, you remember that she said she would keep dinner waiting even two hours for our return. She would meet you there, not here. Come. We have time to spare, and we must be home until too late even for the two hours' delay."

Talking, he drew his companion toward the train, where those fiery eyes the puffing and panting and breathing steam, as though restless at even that moment's delay in its swift rush along the rails through the night and the coming storm. The warning-bell struck into ringing, and the puffing and panting ceased suddenly, as the monster prepared for another charge over the road.

Hilton's heart was dark with thought, as they entered the train; but how much darker, by more sadder than it must have been, he knew not of one stern-faced, shrewd-eyed woman who sat opposite the veiled woman and her companion in the crowded gallery, her thin, hard-featured face and small, cold eyes now turned upon the woman across the house as though she would pierce through the heavy veiling and pry out the face behind it, now turned upon the scene below with intense interest, and an excitement under the heartless exterior that set the watch dog of death upon her face. And it was well, too, that he did not know of the little side act in that corner of the gallery where this woman, when the verdict was passed upon the prisoner.

The sallow pallor flushed to flaming color, and the small eyes glittered like points of steel, the whole face most sinister with its dark meaning.

"We shall see!" came from between her shut teeth in a hoarse whisper, her long, bony fingers clutching the fold of her shawl. "We shall see!"

Ay, it was well that he did not know!

CHAPTER X.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

The engine bell clanged, he mighty monster jerked and jolted the long line of cars at its back, and then out from the dingy little station it crept, and quickened into speed, flight along the rails hidden, save a few feet ahead, by the fog and the rain.

"Thank God!" Frank Whitney said, under his breath, as he passed with his companion through the car to a vacant seat forward. "I began to fear there was no help for a meeting. His presence here shows that she could take no risk, but I feared her woman's heart would play her determination false and she would follow her husband. I cannot be too thankful for her truth."

But his companion, though fast yielding to the fever that had been born in his veins during the days of imprisonment, was too blind to convince of his friend's truth in asserting that his wife would not come to that station to meet him. He was too much under the spell after his fierce words in the carriage, the heat of his bitterness in those words, yet there was that in his face to draw considerable attention to him from the passengers. He knew, perhaps, or some of them, of the trial at Nyack. Perhaps they guessed that this man, with his flushed face and eyes and dogged manner, had come through some mighty struggle or sorrow.

The landscape changed; thicker settlements and villages lay at the side of the tracks. They stopped once or twice at a busy station, but the train was an express and dashed and rattled and swayed along its iron roadway as though its whirling wheels could not fast enough bear the passionate heart to the fulfillment of its suffering. The dim, dreary glimmer of marshy land, the distant glimmer of water, brick and mortar looming through the fog. Rattle and bang and thunder through the tunnel, then rattle and bang and rumble out into the light again, and the great monster slowly drew its length into the station.

Frank Whitney restrained until the car was nearly emptied of passengers ere he addressed his companion, laying one hand upon Hilton's shoulder, as though the delight of many years could not soften enough the pain in store for him.

"We are at home at last, Roy!" he said quietly, forcing himself to smile upon the haggard face turned toward him. "It has been a tiresome journey down, but a safe one, after all, and we should be glad of that!"

Roy roused himself as though he had been in a dream. He rose and followed his friend unquestioningly from the car, and as, arm in arm, they passed along the platform to the ferry.

"We will get there soon enough," muttered Frank Whitney to himself, with sudden manly impatience, as he followed his friend from the boat and into a cab, closing the door, after giving the address to the driver. "I'm in a night too soon to please me. It's a deuced bad business any way one can fix it, and I wish I were well out of it. If I were not his friend, or here, it would not so much matter. Well, there's many a bitter pill, I suppose, for all of us. I should be thankful he is not I who have the greater of suffering to endure."

Still, warm-hearted as he was, it was hard enough to know and witness the suffering of his friends and feel as assured that, do what he might, he could in no wise soften or prevent it. He knew what was to come, so far as human power went, and was still powerless. His friend to the old home, where he had been so infinitely happy and where the saddest blow of all would descend.

"If I thought," he said to himself, his brows heavily drawn down over his troubled eyes—"if I thought I could detain him at my home and keep him there, perhaps, through this—

He rang the bell and gave a new address to the driver.

"It can do no more than fail," he said, grimly, his eyes staring out upon the bustle and noise of the street. "And I will do my best not to fail when his happiness is at stake. My mind soon be out of the village, perhaps, for a few days, I think, judging from his present state. Poor fellow! How strangely things have changed for him in a few month ago! Who have found it in my heart to envy him; he never knew more than did she what Helen Stuart was to me before she married him."

But when he reckoned to detain Roy at his home he did not take into consideration that this man's one thought was to return to his home, and even fever could not blind his eyes to the fact that they were at his friend's house, not his own. They left the cab and were in the house itself, the young man scarcely glancing at his surroundings as he hurried past his friend and up the steps, but when once they were within and no Helen came to meet them, and no familiar sound or sight was there, Roy turned to the other in a passion, his excitement granting him strength.

"You are deceiving me, Frank Whitney," he cried, fiercely, his voice suffocated with anger. "You have not brought me to my home! My wife is not here as you said she would be—as she promised she would be. Perhaps you think I have no rights after the stain upon my name, and that it is best my wife should be kept from me. You do not know the man with whom you deal, if that is your thought! My wife can be as true to me, now that I have come back to her freed from that charge, as she was the day I went from her, and promised to return at night. But so you think—you and the world—that when once a man has borne the touch of disgrace, other men can do with him as they will, for he has no right, no home, no wife!"

His voice was low, but quivering with the intensity of his anger, and his fevered eyes flashed into those of the other as though they would burn through and through him. How could he know to what depth he was wounding the heart that was but considering his own good!

Frank Whitney went close up to him and laid his hand upon his arm, as though he would soften his anger toward himself, as though he would prove what was in his heart—what infinite pity and sadness for his friend.

"Roy," he said gently, and the quiet voice hushed the other's fierce excitement, "I brought you here because I thought you would prefer meeting your wife here, to going home and finding her gone; but if you wish it, we will go there, instead."

Anything for delay, he told himself—anything to keep this man unaware of his absence awhile yet—anything until he was incapable of comprehending what must so soon fall upon his already sore heart. Anything to keep from him, if but for the space of an hour, the pain knowledge must bring.

"You are sure she was to come here to meet me, Frank?" the other said, more quietly, and the other turned away his face, that he would not betray its quivering to those sharp eyes. "I ask you that, because I do not know what you bring me here, and she is not here, and does not come, as she has always come when I have been absent."

"We will go to your home, then, Roy," was the quiet answer. "I would not have you doubt me. If you believe that I am deceiving you, you will go alone, and you may know how true a friend I really would be."

Was there something behind the quiet words that struck home to the black conscience he had believed must full upon him when he left the room where his disgrace had placed him? Did his friend know of what he spoke when he spoke of his wife's coming home? Some blank place in his memory would not be filled at his effort to recall what this might be, but there was a vague feeling that between ten dark thing near his life, he believed, but what this was—whether it were in reality the nonappearance of his wife—

"Yes; let us go now—at once—home!" he said, restlessly, with those brilliant eyes alert for the appearance of a form that did not come and a face that was out of sight. "If you are my friend, Frank Whitney, as you hope for happiness yourself, let us go at once."

"We will go, Roy," was the quiet reply, though a new, strange touch of pallor was upon the speaker's face. "Come, Roy."

CHAPTER XI.

WATCHING.

The cab was in waiting at the steps, for the lawyer had given instructions for his success in this ruse to detain his friend, and ordered the carriage to wait for further orders. They entered it without longer delay, and were driven slowly further up the avenue to Hilton's house.

Slowly the carriage rolled along the avenue; very slowly it stopped at last at the steps before the handsome house of the Hiltons, very reluctantly the lawyer opened the carriage door, and descending assisted his friend to alight. He paid the driver, and then he followed the other up the broad steps and waited for the answering of the bell. With a heavy heart and a sickness of fear upon him because of the absence of his sorrow, he entered with the master, keeping beside him more from the wish to provide that there should be companionship near because he would witness the scene that must come.

"Is Mrs. Hilton not at home?" queried Roy, his voice so strange and hoarse the footman scarcely recognized it; but at a warning glance from the lawyer he replied quietly, as though it were the day after affair—the absence of the mistress upon the strange home-coming of the master:

"Shall I see for you, sir? She may be in her rooms—

"No!" Roy interrupted him, waiting for no further words, and hurried up the staircase as though his mind would be relieved of some distrust. "I will seek her myself, Johnson."

He did not know that his friend was following him, that a dim suspicion crossed his mind was not alone and that there was a strange silence upon the house, but he could not define the sensation of wonder upon himself. His wife was undoubtedly in her room; he would go there first; she might not have known the time for their arrival. She was waiting for him somewhere, he was sure. If she were not in her room, then in some other. She was somewhere waiting for him; and he must find her.

But his wife was not in her boudoir when he sought her there. She was not in the inner room nor in her dressing-room. He called her. There was no answer.

Even Roy Hilton's flushed face began to assume a pallor born of fear blending so startlingly with the flush of fever that it was terrible to see. His wife would have replied to his call, were she within hearing. She was not there, and he turned from the hall upon her. He crossed the hall to his own suite of rooms, but she was not there. He had some half-defined hope that she might have waited for him some where. He passed through room after to another. Nowhere, look where he would, could he find her.

Then with a sick heart he searched the house in this half-wild fashion, his friend beside him though not intruding upon his growing alarm, he thought, with a sense of bewilderment that he could not even yet give up the hope of finding her somewhere within call, somewhere he could reach her.

"She is not here," he said, softly, to himself; still unconscious of his friend's presence. "She has gone out. Perhaps, knowing the time for our return, she has gone down to the ferry to meet me! I should have thought of that! She may have been late, and I have not waited for her. I will come presently. I will wait for her here!"

He crossed the room his footsteps making no sound upon the thick rugs, and as though he would not disturb the sleep of his wife sank down upon the hearth. There was a light blending with this strange, half vacant expression upon his face, that wakened deep pity in the heart of his friend, still within call, still not wishing to make his presence known.

Then with his face turned from the room, he stood for a moment, looking down upon the avenue, his eyes searching as far as he could see for the carriage she might have taken to meet him at the ferry. Then, as the thought suggested that could be here, he sank down in her favorite chair at this window, and waited.

"She will be here presently," he said, and repeated this over and over at intervals, so confidently, yet still in that strange, dazed voice that made the hearer's heart throb with sorrow.

Knowing in what a state his friend was physically and mentally, Frank Whitney had sent a messenger at once with a note of explanation to the family physician, who at this moment appeared. He was a kind-hearted man, but the long years were swift to see where mistaken friendship might fail to prove of benefit. He entered the room very quietly, after tapping at the door and receiving no response. He went up to the young man, as though he had but just parted from him.

"Eh, but this is a damp, disagreeable day, Roy," he said, rubbing his hands together as though it were good to be within doors upon such a day.

Roy turned his bloodshot eyes upon him questioningly.

"Waiting for your wife, I suppose." continued the older man, with no trace of concern upon his face. "That is the worst of marriage, Roy, my boy; we can never tell when the ladies will be ready. They forget the passing of time when calling and chatting together."

Roy glanced up swiftly.

"Yes—she is calling!" he said slowly, but very distinctly, to impress the fact upon his hearer. "She will not be gone long. I waited some time, but she will be in presently."

There was no betraying change upon the physician's face. He sat down his small bag upon a table behind the young man and chose therefrom some subtle powder, mixing this in a tiny glass half filled with water from the pitcher of water brought in when he came, unobserved by the young master. Then he returned to Roy's side and stooped over him for an instant.

"A deadly damp day, Roy. Makes a man shiver just to look out upon the gray streets! This will drive away the effects of the damp day. Drink it, will you? I find it very effective."

He laughed easily and shrugged his shoulders as though it were an excellent joke that he discovered an antidote for the gray days. And utterly unsuspicious, half dazed and the fever and throbbing in his head and the struggle to fill that blank in his memory that could so easily have placed before his wife was, could he but remember—he took the glass in his trembling hand and drank the contents unmurmuringly.

"It'll do you good," declared the physician, still laughing as at a good joke, taking the emptied glass from the weak, lifted hand. "If you'll take advice, Roy, I should say for you to go into your room and lie down for awhile. That is what one should do after taking this stuff. When you take, you know, you will forget you ever had the blues from watching through the rain for your wife to return from calling. It'll make the time pass quicker, you know."

But the young man would not heed this advice. He must wait there, in her chair, at her window. He said to himself and though obedient in drinking the physician's prescription, he utterly and doggedly refused to take this latter advice.

"I'll like the suggestion, eh!" laughed the jovial doctor, standing beside the young man's chair with assumed carelessness, though his keen eyes never left the face. "Ten minutes should pass, this stubborn patient would be so utterly unconscious of even the absence of his wife as to leave it in his power to put his head bed and keep him there, if he would. "If you were one of us, Hilton, you would be amazed to know how many patients behave even worse than yourself—not that you are a patient, by any means, my dear fellow!" as Roy once more turned his eyes from the window to the face of the speaker. "But it is really a novelty to be obeyed so well as you obey me!"

Still he watched and waited with his keen eyes very bright; while the young man, leaning back in the great soft chair, kept his wavering eyes upon the avenue by a powerful effort, for the lids were beginning to droop and his mind was growing more and more vacant. "It would be but a short five minutes now," said the quiet doctor to himself, his gaze also straying upon the long broad avenue. And so he waited, with a patience born of long endurance.

"She will—come—presently—" muttered the low voice, fading into incoherence, as the lids would no longer lift from the heavy eyes. "She will—come—

(To be Continued.)

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

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Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

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We are now putting up, expressly for family use, the finest quality of

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

HEAD

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

ACHE

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills invaluable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Hugh Travers' Probation.

Continued from Last Week.

The monk's agitation was so great that for a moment Mr. Ellesmere, though no believer in miracles, was touched, and gave way to his pleading, allowing the workmen an unexpected hour of rest. When he mentioned the occurrence to Grace however, she exclaimed:

"Nonsense, papa! I have quite set my heart on the parterre of flowers. It will look so pretty from the dining-room windows! Don't let us be troubled by that fidgety old monk. He has no control of the ground outside of the monastery garden. He is very officious—and I wish you would tell him so."

"I will not hurt his feelings unnecessarily," rejoined her father; "but, at any rate, the man shall go on with their work. I must confess I have not much sympathy with his superstitions.'

As usual, Grace had gained the day, and the men resumed their labors. One of them, a lithe, handsome, brown-skinned fellow in a coarse blue jacket, trowsers hanging in a ragged fringe above the knees, untanned leather boots, and the red Phrygian cap of the country, worked with an energy unlike an Italian. Plunging his spade deep into the black earth, it struck against something hard, and presently he laid bare some fragments of bone.

Calling the other men to his aid, a human skeleton in remarkably good preservation was exposed, at sight of which the pious among the laborers crossed themselves and repeated a brief *Ave.*

Hearing the exclamations of the men, Mr. Ellesmere hastened to the spot, and gazed with a feeling of remorse at the desecrated dead.

"Do any of you know who was buried here?" he asked of the bystanders, but all shook their heads.

"It is the grave of one of our brothers who died long ago, which you have disturbed," said Fra Pietro, in a harsh whisper, with a fiendish look of hate on his face.

Mr. Ellesmere had not seen the monk approach, and started at the sound of his voice.

"But follower is a stage, by the way, of himself—" and he has a very mischievous look in his eyes at this moment! I believe Grace is right, and that there is something uncanny about the man. Why wasn't this monk buried among the others outside the garden wall?" he asked aloud.

But Fra Pietro had vanished.

"The bones are very small for those of a man," remarked Mr. Ellesmere, taking the skull in his hands. "But I stay—I believe it is not a man's skeleton after all!" He had been a student of anatomy in his youth; and, stooping down, he picked up some of the larger bones and examined them carefully. "That man has told me a lie! These are the remains of a woman!" he exclaimed excitedly.

"As if to prove the truth of his words, one of the gardeners bent down and picked up a small glittering object encrusted with clay. It was a gold earring of peculiar workmanship. Mr. Ellesmere took and placed carefully in his pocket-book.

"There is an unpleasant air of mystery about this affair which I do not like," he said to Grace, when he had told her what had happened. "I cannot force Fra Pietro to tell me the truth, which he evidently knows, and it seems wrong to make no effort to discover who has lain all these years in an unknown grave, and has met there by her death."

"Perhaps it was a servant of the Italian family who lived here long ago."

"In that case, why should Fra Pietro make such a scene about disturbing the ground? No; there is some dark secret connected with those bones which only the monk can tell. We will wait till Colonel Travers returns, and he will advise us what to do."

"Yes—he will know best," agreed Grace unhesitatingly.

From the day of the discovery of the skeleton the Castello Caterina seemed beset with misfortunes. Mr. Ellesmere's favorite mastiff, a beautiful dog that had been Grace's companion and protector on many a long ramble, was found dead in his kennel; the pigeons and chickens sickened and died, till scarcely a dozen were left; in one night the contents of four casks of choice wine oozed away through the cellar floor and the flourishing grape vines drooped and lost their leaves. Remembering Fra Pietro's words, Mr. Ellesmere began to wonder if it were true that he had brought misfortune upon the house by his act of desecration.

"Papa," cried Grace one morning, running in from the garden with a pale, frightened face, "I have discovered the agent of all our misfortunes! It is that fiend Fra Pietro!"

"My dear child, be careful what you say! Are you sure?"

"Listen—this is what I saw. The garden was so beautiful in the early morning that it tempted me out an hour even before any of the servants were stirring. I was loitering near the old sun dial, when a shadow crossed my path. It was that of Fra Pietro. He had not noticed me, and, as there was a suspicious slyness about his movements, I watched him carefully. He stole over to the fountain where the horses drink, and took a small paper packet from his breast and shook the contents—a white powder—into the water. A little of the powder fell on the ground and I saw that some grains of corn that were scattered about. As I stood wondering, a pigeon came and picked up some of the grain, but immediately it done so, when the bird rolled over and died."

"The villain! What cold-blooded cruelty!" exclaimed Mr. Ellesmere.

"While I was gazing laugh he watched the pigeon's death-struggle, and then disappeared in his usual snake-like fashion."

"Mr. Ellesmere, do the horses drink that poisoned water, Grace!"

"They are safe for to-day; I opened the drain-pipe and let the fresh water flow in, and the fountain must be quite purified already. Papa, we are in great danger, and must see about defending ourselves."

"Such frequent domestic troubles had the effect of so diverting Grace's thoughts from herself, that when Colonel Travers reappeared at the castle she was able to meet him with as little constraint as in the first days of their acquaintance.

"Travers," said Mr. Ellesmere to his guest, as they were smoking on the terrace, "you have often called me your good Samaritan, and spoken of your wish to make some return for the small service I rendered you. The time has now come for you to prove your gratitude"—with a feeble attempt at a jocose tone. "Suggest a way to rid us of Fra Pietro, and I will be your debtor for ever!"

"It is a very awkward state of affairs. Miss Grace has no witness to prove that he poisoned the fountain; and, if accused, he would of course deny it. You cannot swear that he was the cause of the other domestic mishaps.

"The fact is, the fellow hates me ever since I disturbed those bones, and is doing all in his power to drive me away. I am afraid he will succeed, for these daily annoyances are injuring my health."

"By the way, would you show me the earring that was found in the grave? Miss Grace told me that it was very curiously wrought."

Hearing these words, Grace called Colonel Travers into the library, and, opening a drawer of the writing-table, placed the earring in his hand.

A sudden change came over Hugh Travers' face as he looked at the little trinket; his cheeks paled and flushed again, and he bit his lip in his agitation.

"Where would I be likely to catch a glimpse of this *belle noire*, Fra Pietro?" he asked, turning to Grace. "I have never had the pleasure of seeing him yet."

"Come with me, and I will show you one of his favorite haunts," she replied.

As they walked slowly up and down the broken pavement of the cloister, Grace wondered at the strange behavior of her companion, who either replied at random to her attempts at conversation or remained silent.

"There is Fra Pietro, if you still care to see him!" she said presently, in a low tone.

The monk came out of his gloomy cell and began pacing slowly up and down in the sunshine, his eyes bent upon his breviary, unaware that he was being eagerly watched. As he turned, and the light fell upon his face, Hugh Travers exclaimed:

"It is the man, as sure as Heaven!"—and, shaking with excitement, he seized Grace's arm.

"Pray what is the matter!" she asked, frightened by his emotion.

"Come out into the garden and I will tell you!" he answered, drawing her away swiftly. "The shadow that has hung over my life for so long seems to be lifting, thank Heaven!" he began, when they had left the cloister. "The earring that you put into my hand half an hour since, I recognized instantly as one of a pair I gave my wife in years gone by—I ordered them to be made especially for her according to a design of my own, and you can imagine my feelings when I saw the little trinket again. She wore those earrings the last time I saw her, and I firmly believe it is my wife's grave that your father has so strangely discovered."

"And do you think she came to her death by violence?" gasped Grace.

"The idea of foul play occurred to me instantly, and, finding in this monk Pietro a striking resemblance—allowing for the lapse of time—to the servant Giacomo who accompanied my wife on her wanderings, I believe that for the sake of her money he murdered her and buried her secretly under the castle wall."

"The wickedness of that man is appalling—I could believe him capable of any cruelty!" cried the girl excitedly.

"The next thing to find out is the length of Fra Pietro's sojourn at the monastery. Of course, if he has lived here all his life, we are on a false scent, but if his arrival has been comparatively recent, he is a doomed man."

"Hush!"

"You remember no other home than this monastery, I suppose, Fra Beppo?" said Mr. Ellesmere, in the course of a chat with one of the monks who was working leisurely at his lettuce bed.

"No, *eccellenza*; I have almost forgotten that there is any other home than the cloister; and I have not been here as long as the Fra Ignatius."

"You have all passed your adult years here—have you not?"

"Yes—all except Fra Pietro."

"Has he not been long with you?"

"He came from a branch-convent of ours in Tuscany in the year of the total failure of the grapes—that was thirteen summers ago."

Mr. Ellesmere had heard enough, and presently, bidding the old man adieu, he went to report the result of his inquiry to Colonel Travers.

The next day two policemen in plain clothes arrived at the Castello Caterina, and, as Colonel Travers crossed the garden to where Fra Pietro was standing telling his beads, these two officials hovered in the background. Hugh Travers looked at the monk long and intently, and then, as if sure of himself, advanced quietly and laid his hand upon the man's shoulder, with the words:

"Giacomo Valzachi, in the name of the law I arrest you as the murderer of my wife!" as the two policemen coming forward as he spoke.

The horror of the pseudo-monk was pitiable to see. Hugh Travers had visited his wife's home; the accused man fell upon his knees, and writhed on the ground in his prayer for mercy.

"Confess everything, wretch, and your sentence may be lighter!" said the colonel.

"She was not happy with her high-born unsympathetic husband, the man began, in a rotor-sticker tone. "Giacomo the servant seemed to find more favor in her eyes, though she did not exalt me to the position of lover. I did not care for her; but, when she bid me follow her in her flight from her husband's roof, I obeyed willingly enough. A friend of mine—Bertolf by name—lived in a tumble-down cottage about a mile away from the Castello Caterina; he was a wild loose fellow with a bad reputation, but he gave refuge of hospitality and the power of keeping a secret. To escape discovery, my master's wife and I sought temporary shelter under Bertolf's roof, knowing well that search for us would never begin so near home. Her money tempted us—the bag full of bright gold pieces—and the beautiful jewels she wore. I murdered her in her sleep. The castle was unoccupied at that time, and we buried her at night in the grave which has at last been uprooted. We knew that the Brothers never visited that portion of the grounds, and we felt that the secret would be safe there. Bertolf and I went away with our suddenly acquired fortune to foreign lands. He was drowned a few months later in the Mediterranean. I was never happy; my remorse was worse than all my former poverty—a thousand times worse! A horrible fascination seemed always to draw me back to the spot where I had buried her; and in less than a year after committing the murder I returned to the monastery and joined the Brotherhood with a lie upon my lips, telling them that I had come from the convent in Tuscany. I might have kept my secret to the end, but——" Here his words ceased, and the miserable creature fell back in a swoon.

"Have a carriage ready to take him to Taormina when he recovers," said Colonel Travers to the men standing near. He then went hastily on a card the words—"When you read this, the Castello Caterina will be free of its enemy Fra Pietro. Are you quits?"—and ordering it to be given to Mr. Ellesmere, mounted his horse and rode homewards.

A strange confusion of feelings filled Hugh Travers' breast—horror at the unhappy fate of the woman who had once been his wife, and hatred of the man who had caused him so many dreary years of misery. But such feelings were overcome at last by the joy that filled his heart at the thought that he was free now to offer himself to Grace Ellesmere; and he felt sure that she would not refuse him.

Justice was spared the trouble of deciding upon the fate of Giacomo Valzachi, *alias* Fra Pietro; for he was found dead in his bed on the morning after his arrest—a victim to paralysis of the heart, the physicians said, caused by over-excitement.

A great fire sparkled and crackled and sent a warm glow over a group of gossiping inmates of the Hotel de l'Amerique at Florence one cold autumn evening a year later. The little English colony was assembled to welcome Colonel Travers and his young wife Grace, and conjectures were rife, as it could not on occasions, concerning the future happiness of the bridal pair. They came at last; and one and all could read the expression of quiet content and loving confidence in their eyes.

"Four years ago," writes Col. David Wylie, Brockville, Ont., May, 1888, "I had a severe attack of rheumatism and could not stand on my feet. The pain was excruciating. I was blistered and purged in true orthodox style, but all to no purpose. I was advised to try St. Jacobs Oil, which I did. I had my ankles well rubbed and then wrapped with flannel saturated with the remedy. In the morning I could walk without pain."

Two of a Kind.

Ethel—Do you know of anything more delightful than a real true lover?

Maud—Yes.

Ethel—What?

Maud—Two of them.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Misses E. & H. Johnston, modes, King street. Stock-taking sale. Remnants and cut pieces of silks, velvets, laces and novelty trimmings greatly reduced. Patterns free on receipt of postal card.

To Correspondents.

(Correspondents will address—Correspondence Column, SATURDAY NIGHT Office.)

GUM.—See Vixen.

BOO BOO.—You are enterprising, resolute, methodical, ambitious and sincere.

C. D.—This writing shows cordiality, vivacity, enterprise and self-reliance.

EMILY.—You are enterprising, persevering, imaginative and gay in disposition.

SLOGAN.—You are methodical, tender, candid, just, ambitious and possess self-control.

F. E.—In this writing I see sincerity, animation, self-esteem and good intuitive perception.

BETTY.—Your writing indicates firmness, energy, method, some irritability and considerable tact.

LUNDAY.—You are probably original, frank, irresolute, fond of admiration, cordial and tender-hearted.

VIOLET.—The enclosed exhibits affection, vanity, tenderness and a lack of caution and self-control.

TOXAR.—In this photograph I see suspicion, patience, a hasty temper, independence, thoughtfulness and self-reliance.

MEYROR.—You are generous, affectionate, persevering and methodical with self-respect developed almost into vanity.

TOSH.—You are rather giddy, I'm afraid—and fickle, too. Besides these traits I see frankness, loquacity, self-will and pensiveness.

CONSERVATIVE.—In this writing I see striking individuality, fondness for admiration, sincerity, justice, fair order and decided cheerfulness.

DOLLIE DUTTON.—You are affectionate, but somewhat suspicious, irresolute, gentle and unassuming in manner, with considerable ambition.

NITA.—The Evil's Secret is by May Agnes Fleming. 2. Your writing shows candor, impulse, captious temper, some obstinacy and a venting nature.

UN PETITE FEMME.—1. Certainly. 2. Your writing shows vivacity, tenderness, fondness for admiration, good practical ability and strength of purpose.

NANON.—You are probably mirthful, cheerful, unselfish, vivacious and orderly. The enclosed displays delicacy of thought, pride, reserve, and strong determination.

DALIX.—In your writing I see unselfishness, an unostentatious nature, push, tact, a little self-esteem and strong caution. 2. Your jiko appeared in issue of February 1st.

ROMOLA.—For delineation see answer to Delia. 2. An explanation will obviate the necessity of an apology. Such things happen every day, and it is almost impossible to avoid them.

EMERALD.—You must be Irish. Don't you know the old rime: "Irish girls are pick-a-pie," and "Irish girls are nice?" I see hasty temper, some petulance, carelessness, wit, energy and truth.

NICE NICE.—In this writing I see an excess of method which is singularly termed being "finicky." You are difficult, slow in manner and thought, and too easily conquered by stronger wills.

SUNFLOWER.—It is impossible for me to publish answers "in the next issue." This writing shows self esteem, self-reliance, a hasty temper, fairly good method and considerable independence of thought.

S. L. J.—You are precise, prudent, rather warm-hearted, independent in thought and gifted with strong powers of endurance. The enclosed specimen exhibits the same characteristics that yours does.

KATE.—You are fond of admiration, gracious in manner, ambitious, independent of thought and affectionate in disposition. The enclosed specimen is so plainly a disguised one that I shall not bother with it.

VIOLET.—It is customary to address an envelope "esq.," though I think the custom is carried to a ridiculous excess. 2. Your writing shows abruptness of manner, a lack of method, willingness and honesty of purpose.

FAIRY.—This is the writing of a thoughtless girl, and shows, besides warmth of heart, self-esteem, ambition and impulsiveness. The enclosed exhibits lack of order, strength of will, fondness for simplicity and a calculating and suspicious mind.

BEATRICE.—Yes, I think you will be married, because when you write you wish to be married. Your writing shows lids some poor man into thinking she is real nice. That sounds mean, does it not? 2. Your writing shows joviality, indecision, generosity, pride and ambition.

BUZZIE.—Your writing points to reserve, sternness, a calculating disposition, a tendency to find fault, and true tenderness beneath all the outward coldness. The enclosed displays generosity, carelessness, an imperious will, lack of resolution and much tenderness.

SUNFLOWER.—Send fragments to address made. If you will send me a stamped addressed envelope I will write you a private letter, giving you the benefit of my experience in that direction. Your writing shows lack of caution, unyielding pride, energy, tenderness and methodical habits.

FAY.—You have misquoted Burns' famous couplet. It runs thus:

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us."

In your writing I see strength of purpose, honesty, candor, method and strong self-reliance.

DELIA.—Nothing but exercise will develop thin arms, and it is astonishing how quickly a daily practice of calisthenics will increase the size and strength of the muscles. 2. Will you read last week's Boudoir for an answer to this question. It is disease, health being lost. 3. Your writing shows energy, impulse, frankness and mirth.

JOYCE.—No, I have not read the book you mention, but I imagine it is very interesting as Miss Braddon's fairly deserves the popularity they have gained. In the portraits I see candor, tact, sensitiveness, firm will, tenderness and too little assurance. You did not send the photograph you returned, and there were no stamps or address. Did you forget or did you wish me to destroy it?

T. H. H.—In the issue of March 7 I gave a list of suitable gifts. I only hope that you saw them, for I am afraid that this answer will be too late. Books are always nice gifts, and I think it will appreciate flowers, bric-a-brac or dainty jewelry, though books or pictures are merely friendship gifts and may be accepted without compromising anyone. Your writing shows much tenderness, fondness for social life, considerable self-esteem, ambition and cordiality.

MYRTLE VANE.—Your remarks about my good qualities are very complimentary and I shall be glad to help you in any way that I possibly can. Your writing shows some indecision, a rather moody nature, fair order, inclination to dream for the future instead of acting for the present. You are also a little vain, and very original. 2. You will find a quaint Western Editor's verses well worth preserving, and a comic one, which I like very well, in A Quaker Meeting. The Pilgrim's Progress, Bunyan's Holy Warr and the Series contain excellent recitations, and you can find almost anything in them. Will you write again and tell me if these hints are helpful? I can give you more aid, and if I can will be glad to do so.

The music loving people of Toronto will be glad to learn that the Perfect Transposing Pianos, now in general use in Great Britain and the Continent of Europe, are about to be manufactured in Toronto, one of which is now on exhibition at Nos. 106 and 110 King street west, and which everybody is invited to call and test. The instrument is used by royalty and the highest references from nearly every prominent vocalist and pianist in England and Europe.

Theodore Dubois, Esq., professor of music and singing, writes: "I can hardly express how very much pleased I am with your new Patent Transposing Pianoforte. I think it is the best method of any I have ever seen, as the mechanism being entirely untouched or interfered with, it cannot possibly get out of order or be put out of tune. In other transposing instruments it is the key-board that is moved, which constantly causes the hammers and other parts to get out of order, and the instruments become useless, whereas in this the whole of the strings and soundboard are moved by a simple lever. I consider it the acme of perfection. It ought to come into general use."

George Grossmith, Esq., writes: "I think the piano most successful. It is the first time I have ever been able to play fluently in a key of seven sharps."

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How to Dress in March.

There is a curious prejudice among many against the overshoe, and yet the despised rubber is an essential protection against the melting snow and slush of March. The thickest sole of the heaviest walking boot absorbs enough moisture to dampen and chill the feet, yet nothing is more perilous than sitting in a warm room with rubbers on, excepting going about the ordinary house in slippers. Draughts hug the floor and wait for the unwary. The clinging of wet skirts against the ankles is a fruitful source of aches and pains. Leggings of leather, waterproof or rubber will obviate this trouble in a degree, while a skirt of flannel, faced with a rubber band, avoids this danger altogether.

While the feet are kept warm, the head should be cool. The hardiest nations in the world are those which dwell in the coldest

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head lightly. Reserve the fur hat and muffler for the sleigh ride and banish them from the promenade. Catarrh and throat troubles are often caused by the introduction of foreign particles into the nasal passages; so wear a thick veil as a safeguard against the dust which March winds bear on their wings; and, lastly, avoid injudicious dressing for social events. Evening costumes for men and women are much thinner than those habitually worn during the day; and care should be taken to correspondingly change the outer and under garments. It is a trifle presumptuous to discard flannels, and then after hours in a hot ball-room to put on a creation of lace and ribbon for a drive or walk in the night air of March.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

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The Same Old Story.

Mr. Younghusband (to his wife)—Where's the cook?

Mrs. Y. (whimpering)—She's gone off.

Mr. Y.—What's the matter?

Mrs. Y.—I handled her carelessly. I didn't know she was loaded.

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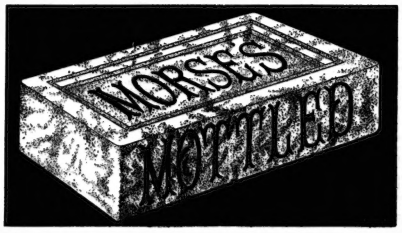

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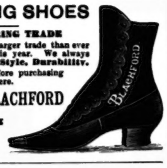

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Safe!

"Jim, the teacher's in there!"
"How d'yer know?"
"I seen him went down."
"Then shut up, yer fool, or he'll be fished out an' resuscitated.—*Judge.*

Left to his Fate.

Dashaway—You know Wangle, who treated me so badly: well, I got even with him the other night. I started to call on Miss Sandstone, and just as I was about to ring the bell I looked in through the window, and saw he was there, and that she was singing to him.

Cleverton—And then you went in and sat on him.

Dashaway—No, I didn't. I went away and let her keep on singing.—*Harper's Bazar.*

An Author's Lament.

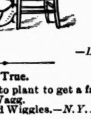
There was an epoch in literature when fiction was a battlefield. To-day it is a restaurant. The novelist does not fight; he caters. The guests are vegetarians. Instead of meat there is succotash, canned at that. It is cheap, easy of digestion, and as easily prepared. There is no aftertaste, at most a feeling of slight distension which presently disappears. In view of this condition of affairs, the present writer, a few years since, prepared a manuscript which he considered absolutely innocuous. It was a simple story, familiar to many New Yorkers, of a gentleman who married, and who fancying, whether rightly or wrongly no one ever knew—that the lady who had done him the honor to take his name was lacking in certain circumscriptions, put her out of the way in such a manner that her death was attributed to accident. The facts in the case were property that for years had been retailed out behind the fan, but before it. Once in print, however, a prominent critic declared that the writer was envious of Catulle Mendes. As a matter of fact, the writer was not envious of Catulle Mendes at all. M. Mendes is a gentleman who has everything in his favor except talent. Only a critic could be envious of that. Had it been any one else, *passe encore*, but M. Mendes, in addition to his other advantages, is a poet whose muse is Elephantis! The present writer was therefore a little astonished at the charge. He read his own story, several of M. Mendes' as well, and the more he read the more his wonder grew. Subsequently it was his privilege to meet the prominent critic and to discover that that gentleman's knowledge of French was confined to a course of six lessons, which he had received in his childhood from a German. Thus comforted, the writer took heart again and produced a second manuscript as simple as the first. In this instance he took another situation from real life, one that had been so gossiped over that he wondered it had not found its way into print before. The story was that of a young man who became engaged to a girl who was engaged to a married man. A misadventure occurred. As a result the young man's eyes were opened. He is now insane. In the manuscript he slew his rival. No one, it seemed to the writer, could object to anything in that. Morality was upheld and immorality punished. And yet every one did object to it, even to the editor of the magazine for which it was written, and the people who had discussed it again and again. The writer was nonplussed. It occurred to him that the dramas of real life have either no place in print, or else that the place must be limited to the columns of a newspaper. At the same time he could not but wonder why the press was permitted to give the bald facts of some scandal which he was reproved for reproving. Then it was that he remembered the vegetarian. He determined to have nothing more to do with the actual, and to deal exclusively with romance. By way of good beginning he manufactured a plot, the story of a young woman who married, suspected her husband, left him, reviled him, and who would have died had not everything turned out in the last chapter of the novel as it never does in the last chapter of life. Throughout the entire work there was only one suggestive word; it was in Greek, spelled wrong at that. In brief, there was nothing in it at which a nursery governess could cavil. Presently it was published. Its predecessors had been abused; it was praised. But its predecessors had sold; it did not. The perplexity of the writer increased. Praise to an author is believed to be very grateful. As a rule you cannot stick it on thick enough, and to the present writer it was not only grateful, it had the allurement of a new sensation. But to be praised and to be let alone is a different guitar. The perplexity remained. At this juncture that sagacious friend whom we all of us possess, suggested the charms of a journey to that fabulous land which we have agreed to designate as the Juste Milieu—that country where there is neither one thing nor the other and yet a little of each. Fortified by the suggestion, the writer started out for a new departure. He took a certain amount of life and a certain amount of romance, and produced a manuscript in which he thought that the complex and the simple, the real and the fictitious, were as evenly distributed as the liqueurs in a pousse-cafe. It was a story of a clergyman who fell in love with his sister-in-law, and who was obliged to solemnize her marriage to his rival. In view of the Juste Milieu it was not an easy story to tell. The writer, however, did his best. He intercalated an entirely irrelevant episode. He made the heroine perfectly indifferent to her sister's husband, the wife plaintive in her affection for both, and, after the wedding, he left the clergyman horrified at himself. The praise which had rewarded the writer's previous attempt, made, in this instance, its absence felt. There was a chorus indeed, but it was a chorus of abuse. The secret of selling and of pleasing was as remote as before. Every imaginable effort had been made to attract the vegetarian, yet still he stood aloof. Of the writer's culets he would have none. Stick to your succotash, then, was the only answer left. For the fifth time the writer communed with himself. He was conscious that he had not written a sentence which a blind man could construe as an invocation to vice, he was conscious that, in so far as he was able, he had tried to instill those lessons of charity, forgiveness, and abnegation of self which form the woof of ethics, and he was conscious also that each one of his reprehensible characters, Fate, either actual or suggested, had overtaken and felled. He was aware that conscience is more potent than the gibbet, and in displaying the skeleton and the dangers of some one or another of those crimes which the law cannot reach, it was at conscience he pointed his pen. It was evident, however, that he had failed, and it occurred to him that the failure might be due to the fact that the logic of his ethics was left more to the imagination than to the last page. It was suggested, not hammered in. With the idea of making a further attempt, and this time of wielding the hammer, he took one of those fascinating scoundrels whom we have all encountered, and put him in such a position that he was driven to suicide by the cumulative force of his own misdeeds. The title of that novel was The Pace That Kills. There were critics witty enough to say that it killed the publisher and the writer too. The only thing it killed was the writer's desire to cater to the vegetarian. It seemed to him then, as it has seemed to him since, that a writer who respects his pen writes what he must and not what he might. This idea, it may be, is not one which public opinion endorses. But public opinion has been known to veer. Besides, there has been, and presumably always will be, such a number of persons who prefer to be wrong in a given belief than not to have it at all, that it is a wonder that Galileo, with Copernicus aiding, did not set whole nations mad.—*Edgar Saltus in St. Louis Post Dispatch.*

Three Famous Old Maids.

It is a curious fact that three of the most successful and eminent literary women in England—Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Mitford—should have been typical old maids; not only unmarried through stress of intervening circumstances—ill health, early disappointment, or a self sacrificing devotion to other cares—but women whose lives were rounded and completed without that element which we are taught to believe is the mainspring and prime motor of existence. To understand how thoroughly this was the case, we have but to turn to a later and very different writer, Charlotte Bronte, who married when she was thirty-eight, and died one year afterwards, and whose whole literary life was accordingly passed in spinsterhood. Yet if that very grave and respectable gentleman, the Rev. Mr. Nicholls, had never appeared upon the scene at all, it would have been impossible to call Miss Bronte a typical old maid. She had the outward signs of one, indeed, the prim demeanor, the methodical habits, the sarcastic attitude towards the male sex; but burning in every fibre of her being, and evident in every page of her writings, is that fierce unrest, that inarticulate, distressful longing of a woman who craves a mate. We can easily imagine Elizabeth Bennet and the very sensible Elinor Dashwood, and even Emma Woodhouse, dearest and brightest of girls, slipping from their lovers' grasp and growing into old maids as charming as was Miss Austen herself; but poor plain Jane Eyre, and that insignificant little school mistress, Lucy Snowe, are shaken and consumed with the passion of their own desires. Such women cannot walk from the cradle to the grave handling their lives with delicate satisfaction and content; they must find what they need or die.

It is amusing to note how the various critics and biographers of Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Mitford have debated and tested for the painful lack of romance in their careers. Feminine critics, especially, find it difficult to believe that there is no hidden tale to tell, no secret and justifiable cause for this otherwise inexplicable behavior; and much time and patience have been exhausted in dragging shadowy memories to light.—*Agnes Repplier in Lippincott's.*

A Point to be Remembered.



—*Life.*

Very True.

"What have you got to plant to get a family tree anyhow!" asked Wazz.

"Ancestors," returned Wiggles.—*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

In Luck.

Jack (at the Lenten tea)—Had the grip yet this season?

Tom—Yes, just caught it from the hostess; contagion direct from the Prince of Wales—*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

Literary Notes.

The circle of Canadian writers has been made less by the recent death of one of its most prominent members, Mr. John Lesperance of Montreal. Mr. Lesperance was born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1836, and was educated in that city and in Freiburg, Germany, where he took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. He was an officer in the Confederate forces during the American rebellion. He settled in Canada in 1868 at St. Johns, Que., where he was connected with the *News*. He wrote for Montreal journals and American magazines and papers, and was successful editor of the *Canadian Illustrated News* and the *Dominion Illustrated*. His important novels are Fanchon, The Bastonnais, and My Creolee. He wrote many short stories and a number of beautiful poems, and also took a lively interest in historical research. He was a member of the Royal Society of Canada.

Messrs. Imrie & Graham are preparing a volume entitled Poems, Grave and Gay, by Mr. Albert E S. Smythe, which will be published next month. Mr. Smythe's melodious measures are not unknown to the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT, which has been favored many times with the productions of his pen. Mr. Smythe's verse is at all times bright, fanciful and tuneful, and the forthcoming volume is certain to contain much excellent matter.

Mr. E. W. Sandys has resigned his position with the C.P.R. in order to assume an editorial position on *Outing*, the American magazine of sport and recreation. No man is better fitted for this position than Mr. Sandys, whose knowledge of the hunting and fishing grounds of America is extensive and personal, and who writes of sporting subjects with a facile and brilliant pen.

Mr. W. A. Geddes, agent Cunard Line, 69 Yonge street, writes that as the prospect for ocean travel is very great intending passengers will do well to book early. He has already booked several parties for May and June sailings.

Perfuming a Theater.

On Wednesday evening the Grand Opera House was delicately perfumed with the odor of white lilac. The fragrance would have been much more perceptible had not the faint line of steam from the vaporizer, which unfortunately was not put in operation until the audience began to gather, alarmed some of those who saw it and suggested to timid minds the idea of fire. This being the case, the lamp had to be turned out. In the afternoon the vaporizer only took fifteen minutes and about a tablespoonful of the essential of oil of lilac to perfume the house from the orchestra chairs to the upper gallery. The work was done by one of Dr. Coulter's vaporizers, an instrument invented by Dr. Coulter of this city, formerly of Lindsay, for the treatment of bronchial and lung complaints. It will be remembered that a couple of weeks ago a book was issued in this paper with regard to the discovery by Dr. Armand Jeannoutot, who claimed to have outdone Koch in destroying bacilli in the lungs of consumptives. At that time it was pointed out that Dr. Coulter in the middle of last year had already made public his prescription of creosote, the oil of the southern pine and exactly the same minor ingredients which Dr. Jeannoutot professes to have originated. The wonderful power of this vaporizer in impregnating the air of so large a building as the Grand Opera with atoms of perfume in fifteen minutes, suggests what it could do in the sick room where the oils are atomized, which are so deadly to the bacilli infesting diseased lungs. The vaporizer, which is an invaluable aid in already becoming fashionable, not only for the cure of colds by filling a room with the oil of pine, but for perfuming ball rooms and living apartments. It is for sale by C. H. Biggar & Co., at 140 King street west, Toronto, and seems to be an apparatus which should be in every house, though it must prove a special boon to that unfortunate class who are afflicted with tuberculosis. The vaporizer may be seen in operation by any who call at the foregoing address.

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Office and Recitation Rooms in the CANADA LIFE BUILDING. At the next French literature course, Monday, January 27, 5 o'clock, Prof. George Coutellier will talk about: Le Cid de Corneille.

Admission—For pupils of the school, 40c.; for non-pupils, 50c.

Special arrangements will be made for all terms.

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An Ancient Superstition.

In ages past men of learning, statesmen and warriors, believed fully in the prophetic power of sneezing, and its occurrence in seasons of uncertainty was eagerly looked for. If to the right the sneezer turned, all would go well; but if to the left, disaster and confusion of plans would follow.

Aristotle, a learned gentleman, living long before the Christian era, of whom it has been written that he attained unparalleled distinction for scholarship, thoroughly believed in its mysterious influence, and wrote concerning it, that "to sneeze between noon and midnight heralded success, but if between night and noon ill-luck would surely be experienced." From this patriarch of letters we learn that even in his day it was no new delusion with the sons of men, and traditions accepted by him and his peers affirmed that "great respect was paid unto it, as the most manifest and most sensible operation of the head, that being regarded as the principal seat of the soul."

Of Xenophon, known both as a scholar and a soldier, it is recorded in history that "having ended a speech to his soldiers with these words, 'We have many reasons to hope for preservation,' the sudden sneezing of one of his men stirred the entire army to accept the omen as favorable."

The custom of giving thanks for sneezing originated long before the Christian era.

In the twelfth century lived Eustathius, a man "profoundly versed in ancient classic lore." He too yielded to absolute belief in this old-time superstition.

In his most valuable legacy to the world of letters, a commentary on Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, we find:

"Telemachus then sneezed aloud;
Constrained, his nostril echoed through the crowd;
The smiling queen the happy omen blessed—
So may these impious fall, by fate oppressed."
Odyssey, Book xviii.

And Homer lived hundreds of years before the Christian era!

It is said that when the King of Mesopotamia sneezes, acclamations are made in all parts of his dominion.

In Siam "long life" is wished to persons who sneeze, and among Persians, if often repeated, is regarded as a most auspicious event.

The year 750 A.D. is usually reckoned the era of the custom of saying to one who happened to sneeze, "God bless you."

In a seventeenth-century work may be found these lines:

"It is an order when you sneeze,
Good men will pray for you;
Make him that doth so, for I thinke
He is your friend most true."

According to Lancaster folk-lore, a good deal depends upon the day of the week in this matter of sneezing:

"Sneeze on a Monday, you sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on a Tuesday, you kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on a Wednesday, you sneeze for a letter;
Sneeze on a Thursday, for something better;
Sneeze on a Friday, you'll sneeze for sorrow;
Sneeze on a Saturday, your sweetheart to-morrow;
Sneeze on a Sunday, your safety seek,
The devil will have you the rest of the week!"
—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Novel Collection.

Kingsley—Great Scott! old man, what under the sun are those bits of rags in that frame?

Bettison—That, my boy, is Towser's private collection of trouserings, sampled from the various insurance, lightning rod, tree and book agents who have called.—*Puck.*

Baby at the Opera.

Babies are, of course, lovely at home; but there their loveliness ceases, according to our view of the matter.

We don't like them at lectures, or concerts, or at the opera, or the theater. They make too music that is not down on the programme—music which we have not paid for; and in listening to it, we feel as it we were swindling somebody. "Obtaining goods under false pretenses."

Babies are charming, and when they have pretty clothes it is most natural that their mothers should want to exhibit them.

This is about the style of greeting with which a baby and its mother are received at the public gathering—to their faces:

"Oh, what a lovely child! Such beautiful eyes! He looks as if he never saw the sun. How do you keep him so white and delicate? Dear little thing! I dote on babies! How exquisitely he is dressed! How proud you must be of him! What do you call him? He ought to have such a "sweet name," etc., etc., etc.

The mother is delighted with her reception, and the baby's reception—and resolves to take him out on every occasion. If she could only hear what is said behind her back, it might perhaps change her feelings of complacency.

"Mrs. Brown was there, with that baby of hers—odious little fright! I never saw such a nose on a child in my life! And how it did yell! You couldn't hear your ears! If I had a young one I'd leave it at home. A woman has no right to bring a baby to disturb people. And somebody ought to tell her so."

The last time we were at the opera baby was there. He was of the male persuasion, and he was pretty, and round, and rosy, and his clothes were of the best materials, and trimmed and embroidered lavishly.

We didn't blame his mother for being proud of him and for wanting to show his fine feathers.

If there had only been some piece of machinery by which she could have pumped the screech out of him before starting and left it at home, we should have been delighted with his presence. But, unfortunately, that contrivance has not been invented.

So in the first act, at the most tender and thrilling part, where the handsome tenor is singing his love song to the beautiful soprano, and every breath is hushed to listen, and every ear is strained to catch the melting strains, that baby bursts out with his very loudest and shrillest—"yah! yah! yah!" and runs the sound along till his breath is exhausted; and then, seemingly angry at the failure of his wind, he culminates in a squeal far higher than the upper C of the gifted soprano, and then sets in for a regular north-east storm of crying and kicking, during the reign of which the tenor's soft voice of love rises to a defiant snort, and the soprano's anger shows through all the layers of pearl powder.

The manager swears behind the scenes; the "super" laugh among themselves, and the audience, with one accord, are ready to demand the instantaneous execution of that baby.

But the doting mother is unconscious of everything except the fact that her darling is crying, and the fear that he may be going to have the colic or the croup, or that there may be a pin sticking in him somewhere. And she trots him, and caresses him, and tosses him up in the air and says "S-h-sh!" to him in a very audible tone; and it is plain to the experienced eye that it is with great difficulty she refrains from bursting out with the "by, low, baby," to which he is accustomed.

Of course, our feminine heart deeply sympathizes with her, but away down, out of sight, we are conscious of the existence of a wish that she and that baby both were on the other side of the Atlantic.—*Kate Thorn in N. Y. Weekly.*

D. Grant's spring opening affords a rare opportunity to get your Easter millinery and mantles. They offer ten per cent. discount on all the lowest prices on Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

A Mythological Phantasy.

Bright Boy (gazing at the Venus of Milo)—Mamma, was Venus just like that?

Mamma—Yes, I think she must have been.

Bright Boy—And I suppose Jupiter punished her in that way for letting the other gods hold her hands.—*Judge.*

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WE ring the changes once again, and yet the story seems as fresh as if told for the first time. How otherwise with the beauty and fashion that play around the prints and sateens that this store shows? There's a perennial brightness about them all that never loses its charm for shoppers.

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

ROWE—At Berlin, on April 11, Mrs. John Rowe—a son.
ASHBURY—At Toronto, on February 15, Mrs. Jackson Ashbury—a son.
MUNTZ—At Toronto, on March 13, Mrs. Rupert G. Muntz—a son.
EMERSON—At Toronto, on March 3, Mrs. Harry J. Emerson—a son.
ROBINSON—At Hagersville, on March 10, Mrs. J. H. Robinson—a daughter.

Marriages.

CLARK—STANLEY—At Toronto, on March 16, J. Allen Clark to Clara Stanley.
LANGMUIR—SHEPPARD—At San Bernardino, Cal., on March 2, Murray Langmuir of Toronto, to Mary Farnsworth Sheppard of Springfield, Missouri.
PETRY—MARS—At Toronto, on March 12, W. F. Petry to Annetta Mars.
HELME—YOUNG—At Toronto, on March 10, Robert Helme of Lancaster, Eng., to Lilian Young.

Deaths.

LESLIE—At Paterson, N. J., on March 16, dearly beloved child of John S. and Marianne Leslie, aged 1 year.
CLAXTON—At Toronto, Martha Phœbe Claxton.
CUVILLIER—At Montreal, on March 16, Maurice Cuvillier, aged 74 years.
MALCOLM—On March 15, Mrs. Andrew Malcolm, aged 24 years.
LECKIE—At Toronto, on March 16, Robert Leckie, aged 50 years.
COWPER—At Welland, on March 16, Mrs. George C. Cowper.
NICHOLS—In Jersey City, on March 16, Arthur L. Nichols, aged 29 years.
WOODROW—At Toronto, on March 16, Alexander Woodrow, aged 19 years.
FOOTE—At Thornhill, on March 14, Martha Foote, aged 47 years.
EMERSON—At Toronto, on March 14, Mrs. Harry J. Emerson.
MACMULLEN—At Toronto, on March 14, James H. MacMullen, aged 53 years.
DICKISON—At London, Ont., on March 13, Mrs. Thomas Dickison.
MAITLAND—At Lexington, Mo., on March 7, Alexander Maitland, aged 78 years.
SOUTER—At Mimico, on March 8, James Souter, aged 72 years.
KENNEDY—At Stratford, on March 9, James Kennedy, aged 54 years.
BROBERG—At Brooklyn, N. Y., on March 14, Dr. B. H. Broberg, aged 34 years.
NELSON—At Toronto, on March 14, John Nelson, aged 73 years.
BOURDON—At Toronto, on March 14, Alexander Bourdon, aged 75 years.
WAKEFIELD—At Toronto, on March 14, William Wakefield, aged 65 years.
COMPAIN—At Toronto, on March 14, Sebastien Louis Compain, aged 85 years.
WEEKS—At Toronto, on March 17, Berton Reeves Weeks, aged 27 years.
McLEAN—At Lindsay, on March 15, Duncan John McLean, aged 1 year.
HARRIS—At Durham, on March 17, Mrs. Mary McKerlie Harris, aged 87 years.
ECHLIN—At Toronto, on March 17, R. P. Echlin, aged 36 years.
WADE—At Toronto, on March 17, Michael Joseph Wade, aged 65 years.
SUTHERLAND—In St. Mary's, on March 11, Mrs. William E Sutherland, aged 71 years.
JACQUES—At Malvern, on March 17, Geo. M. Jacques, P.M., aged 41 years.
CAMERON—At Woodstock, on March 17, Geo. A. Cameron, B.A., of Toronto.
KEMP—At Kingston, on March 17, Anne Kemp, aged 84 years.
STONEY—At Toronto, on March 18, Samuel Stoney, aged 79 years.
REAP—At Grimsby, on March 16, Mrs. Read, aged 72 years.

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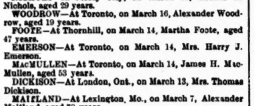

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